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THE REAL USA

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THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

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A National Magazine of
Politics, Business, and Culture

Dallas TAKES OFF

(In the backyard of Bush and Cheney, the sky's the limit)

Volume 11, Number 7
October/November 2000

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THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2000 VOL. 11, NO. 7

4 BIRD'S EYE ◆ *Karl Zinsmeister*
A visit to Maverick America (Dallas-Ft. Worth Chapter).

10 SIDELIGHTS
Gourmet bombers. Free-market drugs. Anti-fascists for Gore.

12 SCAN ● **Short News and Commentary**
A tax phantom is after you. Pistol-packin' sisters. Environmentalist smog. Surprise: Teens choose right. Foreign policy after Clinton. More than one choice for women. Dumb dorm standards. P.C. in the W.C.

18 "LIVE" WITH *TAE*
Football star turned business titan *Roger Staubach* tells how both sides of his life have unfolded in Dallas.

21 FORWARD OBSERVER ◆ *James Glassman*
The federal surplus is hurting us.

PAGE 12

22 PRAIRIE SOUL
Frederick Turner
Think mid-American cities like Dallas have no inner life? Think again.

27 CAPITAL OF CAPITALISM
Joel Kotkin
The making of a great modern economy.

32 A NEW DALLAS IS BORN OUT OF THE BARREL OF A GUN
Bill Kauffman
Lee Harvey Oswald killed a regional culture along with a President.

37 LAND OF BIG RELIGION
Scott Walter
Extra-large church life starts by asking for forgiveness.

40 SPORTS CITY
John Meroney
Cowboys, preachers, math nerds, presidential wannabes, and big bucks meet on Texas's fiercely competitive fields of dreams.

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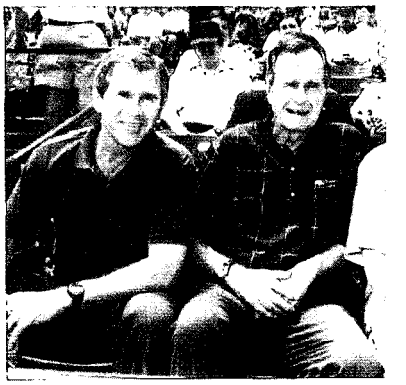
PAGE 40



47 IN REAL LIFE ◆ First-person America
Teacher *Suzy Ryan* tells parents where they're falling short.

48 ENTERPRISING ◆ On Business as an Imaginative Act
Washington's biggest-ever public works project may sink the Everglades.

51 HOLLYWOOD REPORT ◆ *John Meroney*
Now playing in TV's late-night comedy slot: Politics.

52 FLASHBACK ◆ *Bill Kauffman*
A cow-punching historian exposed LBJ and got smacked.

54 THE DIGEST ◆ Summaries of Important Research
Another trial lawyer scam…why welfare rolls went down…Uncle Sam is a poor babysitter…cars aren't obsolete.

57 BOOK TALK
- Philip Langdon—*Suburban Nation* by Andres Duany, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, and Jeff Speck
- Martin Morse Wooster—*The Paradox of American Democracy* by John Judis
- John McClaughry—*Who Owns America?* edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate

60 OPINION PULSE ◆ The Latest Survey Data
The death penalty. The Supreme Court. Tobacco.

63 THE MAIL
Feminists failed my African-American son. The old Texas Rangers. Business warriors.

64 LAST GASP

PAGE 22

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Bird's Eye

Karl Zinsmeister

Land of the Meat Eaters

In a country as sprawling as ours, it's not easy to keep your finger on the American pulse. One way we at *The American Enterprise* stay on top of things is by living and working in several different states. Another way is by assembling a team of writers every year or so and then descending, *en masse*, on one important, in-some-way-prototypical U.S. city. In a series of visits, we scour the schools, nightspots, business suites, doctors' offices, soup kitchens, halls of government, churches, and playing fields. We interview hordes of residents from every walk of society. For many months, we subscribe to the local newspapers and magazines. We study local histories and rake through volumes of financial and demographic statistics. Then we write about what we've found—describing the quirks and peculiarities of the place before us, as well as suggesting what the social and economic trends in that particular patch of America tell us about what's happening more generally across the U.S.

If our journalistic vagabonding over the last few years has taught us anything, it is that our land's wealth and imagination and energy are distributed extraordinarily widely. We have come to view America as a kind of constellation whose grandness stems from the emanations of many, many stars. We have no dominant urb in the way that Paris occupies the center of France's galaxy. In fact, it's our view that truer soundings of America's real character can now be taken in mid-American metropolises like Dallas-Ft. Worth—the mightily fertile region we visited this year—than in the Babylons of New York or Washington or L.A.

One of the first things we discovered about Dallas is the inaccuracy of most of the stereotypes about the place held by east and west coast liberals: Dallas has no culture. It's a social and intellectual wasteland. There's no real city there. White-bread boring.

Untrue. Though not exactly a hotbed for introspection, Dallas even has some soulful corners. At a weeknight jam session at the Sons of Hermann Hall (an old German-Czech social club) we listened in as ten guitarists, a mandolinist, and a harmonica player sat in a circle and picked and sang out their latest compositions for each other. (My favorite ballad was introduced with the explanation that "This started out as a song about my failing kidneys, but ended up being about a failed relationship…")

Overall, I decided, the key to appreciating Dallas is to view it as a state of mind rather than a collection of fixed resources. Dallas is built on a powerful hunger for growth and self-improvement and a love of freedom, not on some set of static physical attributes. In this sense the Dallas region is a prime information-age community, a city of the future. It can be a dizzying place, sometimes maddeningly unreflective. But it is also one of the most refreshingly uncalcified places I've ever spent time in.

In Dallas, ideas and objects that don't weather reality well are quickly dumped. It is a locale wholly attached to the hard, unsentimental disciplines of capitalism and technology.

At the same time, it is too decent and practical a place to entertain brutal extremes. Thus, even as the region's business suites and engineering labs run on icy reason, hot science, and cool economics, locals maintain some of the deepest religious feeling in our land.

In its paradoxical embrace of both tradition *and* change, its mix of astonishing materialism *and* transforming idealism, Dallas in many ways represents the prototypical

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American split mind. The city runs on a kind of high-octane version of our national fuel, displaying in extra vivid form both America's grandest strengths (like our openness to fresh starts) and our gravest flaws (such as our transient loyalties).

If Americans in general tend to be high-heeled materialists, for example, in Dallas one sees materialism on stilts. The city has more shopping centers than any other U.S. locale. People preen on the latest automotive hardware. There are more restaurants per capita than in New York City. Dallas averages 26.3 square feet of retail space for every man, woman, and child—42 percent above the national norm.

The region also stands out in more transcendent ways. One of the things that struck me most favorably about Dallas-Ft. Worth is the easy mixing across boundaries. Not only are the social classes comparatively fluid, but there is unusual open-mindedness across mental boundaries. I was amazed, for instance, upon dropping in on one of the Friday night salon-style discussions at the Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture, to find symphony violinists sitting next to real estate developers, next to a computer programmer, next to a housewife, next to an apartment manager, next to literature professors, next to a photographer, next to a public school teacher, with everyone talking frankly and without pretension about art, business, and religion. In most cities, a comparable arts and culture discussion group would be much more segregated occupationally and politically, and often unbearably snooty and impractical in tone. Here, all comers were accepted with respect and mutual interest, and the discussion (much of it turning on how to encourage creativity and accomplishment in Dallas) was productive, democratic, and high-toned.

THIS CITY IS BUILT ON A LOVE OF FREEDOM AND A HUNGER FOR GROWTH AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

We saw Plains common sense and egalitarianism in action in a great many places. In one of our feature essays (page 22), British-poet-turned-Dallasite Frederick Turner describes his adopted hometown as "a good example of a generous conservative regime of intellectual freedom." And he adds, "That is why so many energetic, optimistic, and original people choose to come here."

Turner's reference to "original people" is especially apt. Dallas, I've discovered, is well stocked with improbable, mold-breaking, convention-stretching renegades and innovators. There's a fine American term of north-Texas origins that condenses that long string of descriptives into a single word—"maverick." Used by pioneer Texans to describe the free-roaming cattle who, carrying no brand, had no master, the word now characterizes people or institutions who follow their own independent ways of doing things. Allow me to present a few short vignettes that put some flesh and blood on this personality type, illustrating maverick America at its unorthodox, Dallas-style best:

• **A Fed Banker With Charisma?** The Federal Reserve Bank branches located across the U.S. are some of the most buttoned-down offices imaginable. Toiling in a line of work where even an offhand remark can move billions overnight in the markets doesn't exactly encourage pep, personality, and spontaneous action. Floating atop this gray, pinstriped sea, however, is one gaudy gator-skin beachball of a banker named Robert McTeer. Under President McTeer's leadership, the Dallas Fed branch (which, by making Dallas an instant banking center when it opened its doors back in 1914, had a lot to do with turning Dallas into a boomtown in the first place) has lately become one of the more robust corners of AlanGreenspan's empire.

From its gleaming new tower on North Pearl Street, the Dallas Fed does all the things the other 11 Fed branches do (monitoring banks, squashing the Y2K bug, etc.), while also growing into a major center for currency distribution, T-bill handling, and electronic funds transfer. Most visibly, the bank's research and public affairs sections have become cheerleaders over the last several years for America's transition to a "new economy." A series of popular annual reports penned by chief economist Michael Cox have beaten the drum in support of free trade, high technology, and deregulation of business. In national Federal Reserve meetings McTeer has been a feisty, often lonely voice against interest rate hikes. He argues today that "the Internet changes everything.... Economic progress is speeding up; the speed limit is rising."

Unquestionably, the Dallas Fed is the only branch that, when you are put on hold, fills your telephone ear with twangy country music. (The D.C. bureaucracy has pressed them to switch to a more decorous variety of Muzak, to no avail.) And McTeer's latest annual report, in which he describes "Bubba Hyde" as "one of my favorite songs," is surely the only Fed product ever published that includes snapshots (under the heading "highlights of 1999") of a branch president visiting graves—Adam Smith's in Scotland, and Buddy Holly's in Lubbock.

• **Firebrand Playwright.** Don Coburn won the Pulitzer Prize for the first play he wrote. But with his most recent script he is risking out-and-out martyrdom.

You see, unlike 95 percent of his contemporaries in today's American theater, Coburn is not a squishy liberal who thinks of

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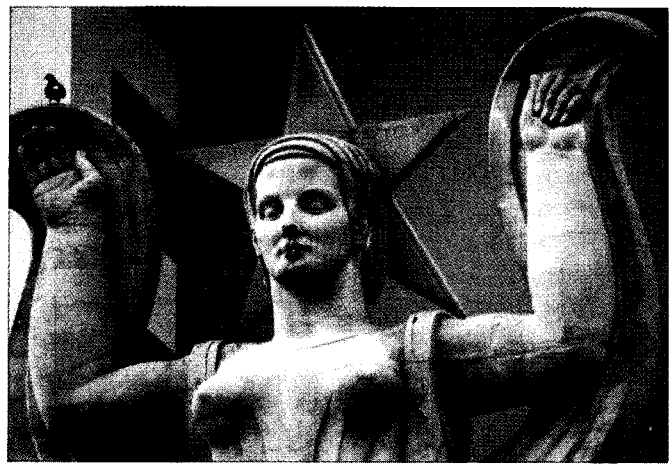
heterosexuality as a hang-up, meat as murder, and police as pigs. And in his current project he is doing something few contemporary American public figures dare, least of all people in the arts: Speaking bluntly about the dangers of racial grievance politics and the I'm-a-victim mentality.

His latest play about a racial demogogue holding an entire city hostage is a work of real power. If he can find a producing company uncowed by the censoring powers of political correctness, it will become a theatrical event. That, alas, is a big "if," even for a playwright of Coburn's stature. But it is characteristic of Dallas iconoclasm—incubator in recent years of everything from Ross Perot's offbeat politics to the eccentric singing flight attendants of Southwest Airlines—that this brave work was watered along the banks of the Trinity River.

IN ITS MIX OF ASTONISHING MATERIALISM *AND* TRANSFORMING IDEALISM, DALLAS IN MANY WAYS REPRESENTS THE PROTYPICAL AMERICAN SPLIT MIND.



• **The Boob-Doc Saint.** When I made an appointment to interview Dr. Craig Hobar, I simply wanted to ask one of Dallas' leading plastic surgeons what it is about the place that has turned it into a world capital for cosmetic surgery. Little did I know that breast enlargement, tummy tucks, and face lifts rank about fifth on this physician's list of priorities (though number one on his income statement).

You see, Hobar, in addition to being a crack plastic surgeon, is also a national champion in judo, a team doctor for the NHL Dallas Stars (making him the only man who can claim to have put both beauties in the stands and beasts on the ice of Reunion Arena), and reportedly a dedicated family man. Least expected of all, this devoted servant to vanity is also a pious Christian. Only in America. Perhaps only in Dallas.

"I'm extremely grateful for my faith and what God has done in my life," Hobar explains. So much so that he founded a group called LEAP (Life Enhancement Association for People) to give something back in Christian charity.

It all began with a mission trip Hobar took to the Dominican Republic while he was still training to be a plastic surgeon. In that poor country he saw many severe deformities which were eminently repairable except for the lack of local resources. So he went home and organized teams of highly skilled surgeons, anesthesiologists, nurses, and assistants willing to volunteer their time. He got Dallas-area hospitals and medical companies to donate supplies. For more than ten years now, he's been leading LEAP teams of 20-25 individuals into places like the Dominican Republic, Belize, and Laos, where operating sun-up to sun-down they offer "life-changing medical services in the name of Christ."

Hobar and the other volunteers he's mobilized—around 400 professionals so far—have provided thousands of indigent patients with free cleft palate reconstructions, artificial limbs and eyes, and repairs of harsh facial deformities. This is no dabbling hobby. Hobar takes four mission trips per year, each lasting about a week. Thus does a slick, for-profit medical practice built on modern image-consciousness and wealth produce some amazing acts of charity as well.

• **Unconventional U.** As you drive into the University of Texas at Dallas (UTD) for the first time, it would be easy to believe all the stereotypes about sterile, bloodless, north Texas sprawl. The long entry road slices through an empty field that appears to have been farmland not long ago. Some cold, rather repelling, concrete Modernist buildings loom up next to vast Walmart-style parking lots. The streets are named "Drive A," "Drive B," "Drive C," and so forth. Inside the maze-like buildings, utilitarian classrooms and offices have names like "JO interior room 1.42 north." The whole place looks and feels like some geeky engineer's pipedream, and most of the afternoon it's as empty and lonely as an abandoned shopping center.

But after a while, if you can get beyond your superficial reactions, the place starts to become interesting. *Very* interesting. For one thing, as evening approaches the sidewalks and classrooms aren't empty any more. Just when you expect the lights should be going out, the place begins to transform from ghost town into bee hive. There are lots of Asians, and scads of older students—mature, already-employed and productive people seeking additional knowledge and skills, especially in technical fields.

UTD turns out to have a fascinating history, surely the quirkiest of any public university in the country. It was originally founded by Texas Instruments, the Dallas-based semiconductor corporation, as the company's private research and training institute. Later, TI decided they wanted to be able to award Ph.D.s to their scientists; so they approached the state and offered to donate the physical plant, some resources, and a number of professors if the state would accredit it to grant degrees. Thirty years ago, the facility entered the University of Texas system, at first strictly as a science and engineering Ph.D. mint. Through extremely dogged and ingenious effort since then, the school's administrators have worked backwards down the academic food chain, adding more and more programs and degrees until the school finally accepted its first general-study college freshmen in 1991.

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As befits its corporate origins, the school's administrators have aggressively used market incentives to ramp up their facility much more rapidly than a university could normally be grown. "The first freshmen classes were basically bought—through heavy, privately financed merit-based scholarships," says Stanley Liebowitz, a nationally prominent economist and professor in UTD's business school. Superb faculty members were likewise acquired through financial incentives, with clever use of private funds to avoid bureaucratic civil service obstacles. As a result, both the student body and the faculty at UTD were almost instantly of a very high quality (though this is mostly unappreciated even in the nearby region). The school produces more computer science graduates than any other in the state, has a flourishing school of management, the first telecom engineering program in the country, and higher average SAT scores than U.T. Austin, traditionally thought of as Texas' finest university.

HERE, THE ELITES AREN'T SOPHISTICATES WHO'VE GONE SOFT AS IN SOME PLACES. THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE VIRTUES ARE STILL PRIZED.

The advanced research emphasis of UTD's early years continues, and many brilliant scholars now toil quietly on the nondescript campus. Four faculty members with whom I became acquainted during my Dallas visits illustrate the range of intellectual innovation. Two I've already mentioned: Stan Liebowitz has done well-known research debunking the notion of "technological lock-in," which many trendy scholars were claiming foisted inferior technology on the public in deference to corporate interests and profitability. Fred Turner, who grew up in Africa and was educated in England before settling in Dallas, is a polymath who has distinguished himself equally as a poet, philosopher of science, essayist, art critic, and social theorist. Istvan Ozsváth, who hosted me at his house for a delightful Hungarian meal, is one of the most eminent mathematicians in the world today, specializing (as best a mere mortal can understand these things) in describing the shape of the universe in mathematical language. His fascinating wife Zsuzsanna Ozsváth is a prize-winning translator and writer, and director of Holocaust Studies at UTD. Having been saved from the Nazis by her Christian babysitter in Budapest, Zsuzsi knows something about ethnic victimization, yet speaks boldly against political correctness and pandering multicultural politics.

All in all, not exactly your father's state college.

• **A Zoo That Doesn't Blame People.** In 1991, the Ft. Worth Zoo—then a middling, city-run facility—was almost forced to close for lack of funds. Along came co-chair Ramona Bass, an animal lover since her girlhood on a South Texas ranch, and a member of the wealthy Bass family of Ft. Worth. Bass suggested the zoo could thrive if it was privatized. Soon, the place was indeed shifted to private management and funding, and now, not many years later, it is recognized as one of the top zoos in the United States.

But what's even more striking than this financial and professional turnaround is the new *message* being projected by the facility. In most places today, zoogoers "are receiving an inordinate amount of negative information," explains one Ft. Worth Zoo document. "We really want people to question the things they've been told." Specifically, these iconoclastic Texas naturalists are preaching that "man is an integral part of the natural world, not a separate entity," and that the main biological story today is "not a tale of imminent doomsday, but of dynamic environmental successes." This vision of active human stewardship over nature is captured even in the zoo logo, which depicts a human handprint overlapped with a coyote track.

Ramona Bass and other zoo directors emphasize the importance of private property in managing the environment successfully, and favorably portray the coexistence of animals with ranchers, hunters, builders, and everyday people. In addition to the predictable biologists and so forth, the zoo's advisory board includes economists, paper company wildlife experts, and professors of agriculture.

Remarkably, one soon-to-open section of the zoo (portraying the ecosystem of East Texas) will house the zoo's black bears in a facsimile of an abandoned pineywoods lumbering camp. The exhibit will include a stream snaking by piles of felled logs and sawdust piles, disused tools, even a deserted Caterpillar tractor for the bears to frolic around. Rather than portraying the sawmill as a "scar," it will be seen as a stage of human development that many animals have now adapted to.

With extensive support from private individuals and businesses, extremely imaginative programs, a strong pro-animal, pro-human, pro-market vision of environmental conservation, and a multimillion dollar expansion now underway, the Ft. Worth Zoo is a thrivingly unorthodox institution with no peer anywhere in the country.

Our outsiders' eyes were drawn to many other singular aspects of the Dallas-Ft. Worth region. Like the fact that hard amidst the concrete and glass towers of Dallas' main financial district the city has devoted 3 1/4 acres ("about 50 percent larger than the court at Rockefeller Center," one sign notes) to Thanks-Giving Square, a park specifically for spiritual reflection. It's filled with prayers inscribed on tablets, and anchored by a striking interfaith chapel.

One local publisher suggests the metro area is growing in religiosity. Twenty years ago when he founded his company there were only one or two religious people among his couple dozen professionals. Today, he guesses only one staffer is *not* a serious Christian. He sometimes spots young managers reading the Bible on their lunch breaks. Meanwhile, he reports, even his daughter's flag and drill team holds a monthly prayer breakfast for parents.

The region's 1,300 houses of worship (including the country's largest Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Southern Baptist, and Pentecostal congregations) are often packed enough to require their own police officer to handle Sunday crowds. On the rough bricks

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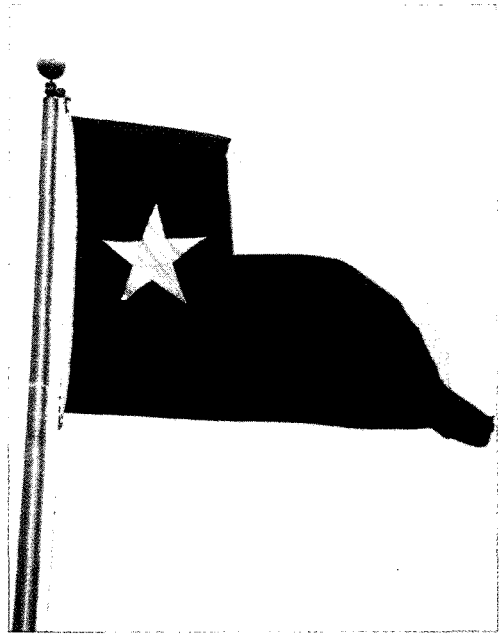
of the Ft. Worth Stockyards (for most of the last century, the world's largest horse and mule market) our writers attended Cowboy Church ("where even the rugged come to the cross"). We visited the Cathedral of Hope, the largest gay church in existence anywhere, with four different Sunday services. We spent a good deal of time in and around The Potter's House, the remarkable mostly-black church on Dallas' southern edge that creates traffic jams on State Highway 303 visible literally miles away.

The metro area's arts and culture are also bustling in some distinctive ways. In numerous corners, a stubborn neo-traditionalism flourishes. UTD's Fred Turner is helping lead a national charge in defense of traditional poetry (the kind that actually employs rhyme and meter, and uses scatological curses and Marxist jargon only where absolutely necessary). When Dallas built its new symphony center in the 1980s, it installed one of the world's most magnificent pipe organs (not exactly a favorite instrument of the *avant garde*). As a result, Dallas now annually hosts the top organ competition in the U.S.

THE DALLAS METROPLEX IS THE #2 TECHNOLOGY CENTER IN THE COUNTRY, LAGGING ONLY SILICON VALLEY—AND DALLAS IS GROWING FASTER.



Many area companies and patrons have been uncommonly generous and civic-minded in their support of the arts. The surrounding streetscape and first couple floors of the Trammell Crow tower (the property's most valuable portions) have been given over to community arts displays since the building's opening. $67 million in individual and corporate donations built the new Bass Performance Hall in Ft. Worth. With its classical lines and massive sculptural decorations done in realistic style, the design sends ideological Modernists running down the street screaming, but to my eyes (and those of most locals) it is one of the bravest and most glorious cultural centers constructed in the U.S. in many years.

The current composer-in-residence of the Dallas Symphony, 39-year-old Lowell Liebermann, is an unapologetic traditionalist, an admirer of nineteenth-century classical forms, and someone who writes to please audience ears more than academic theorists. Answering salvos from music's left-wing critical establishment, Liebermann argues that "this obsession with innovation is a very recent phenomenon and rather simplistic. Doing something different for its own sake can be quite meaningless." Reminded by interviewer Barrymore Scherer that his use of traditional forms, his desire to be accessible rather than obscure, and his emphasis on beauty inspire scorn among "progressive" critics, Dallas's musical creator fires back that "to criticize a composer for writing 'conservatively' is equivalent to criticizing an author for writing in standard grammatical English."

A final place where I must credit Dallas-Ft. Worth for doing some pioneering is in the realm of governance. Hints of the relatively non-sclerotic, whatever-works style of regional and state politics are legion: Like the fact that Berlitz—the 122-year-old private language instruction company—has been brought in to teach English to local public school students. Like the county welfare offices that have recruited scores of local churches to help guide welfare recipients to work. Like the fact that fully one-tenth of the charter schools founded in the U.S. so far are in Texas.

The nation as a whole may soon get a taste of Dallas-Ft. Worth-style governance in the persons of George W. Bush and Dick Cheney. It increasingly appears theirs would be a distinctive and practical variety of statecraft. The "compassionate conservatism" that many of us who observe politics initially feared might be little more than a horrible fuzzifying slogan now appears to be a genuine, if mild, innovation aimed at softening difficult social problems through a redefinition of the relationship between government (which would be brought down a notch) and civil society (which would be raised up a few). George W. Bush lived in Dallas for most of a decade after growing up in Midland, and after carefully observing his instincts and Dallas's character over the last year, it's my conclusion that if you want to know what makes Dubya different from his dad, all you need to do is understand Dallas. Father and son are similar men, but were seasoned in very different milieus, and for my money the Texas-raised Bush will be the greater one as a result.

Of course the knee-jerk reaction of Eastern liberals to Governor Bush is that he's the proprietor of a Mickey Mouse government. "Bush and Texas Have Not Set High Priority on Health Care" proclaimed a recent *New York Times* headline. Happy to serve as handmaidens (maybe harlots is more like it) for the Al Gore message, the national media have been professing their shock, pure shock, to discover that Texas is a low-tax, light-government state. "Can you believe it?" they're shouting, "Texans don't give welfare recipients bus passes!"

Minimal government, in truth, isn't anything George Bush can be either much credited or blamed for; it's just the historical philosophy of his homeplace. State and local taxes put together are almost $500 per person less in Texas than the national average. This isn't because the local folks forgot to keep up ("oops, Edna, we didn't raise taxes last year"); it's because they have a different idea of how to build a healthy society. Most Texans, very much including George W., figure a less-burdened private sector will solve problems better in the long run than a bulky government

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built on heavy taxation and regulation. Given the growth and progress records of the last several decades, who is going to second-guess 'em?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT MAKES GEORGE W. BUSH DIFFERENT FROM HIS DAD, ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS UNDERSTAND DALLAS.

Which leads us to the proof of the pudding: the astonishing economic, technological, and social boom which has lately turned North Texas into a national powerhouse. Despite being the number-nine metro area in the country by size, Dallas-Ft. Worth now has more information-sector jobs than all but two other cities. The single Dallas suburb of Richardson is now home to more than 600 high-tech companies that represent the heaviest concentration of telecommunications firms in the world. Last year, California's Milken Institute ranked the Dallas metroplex as the number-two technology center in the country, lagging only Silicon Valley, and Dallas is growing faster.

Overall, the Dallas-Ft.Worth area is expected to lead the nation in total employment growth during the current decade, creating more than half a million new jobs. Not surprisingly, the region is consistently rated one of the very top places to found a company or do business. In a July interview with us, then local executive (and now GOP nominee) Dick Cheney described Dallas as "very resilient, with a very diversified economy, altogether one of the more dynamic cities in America." As we all know, he's an understated guy.

"We felt Richardson was pro-business, pro-technical development, and really interested in seeing businesses grow," says a Fujitsu executive explaining why he located his headquarters there. Another executive notes of the North Dallas telecom corridor, "We have a highly informed city government, very advanced leadership by council members with backgrounds in high-tech." Indeed, over the past 25 years, all four mayors of Richardson have themselves been former engineers or technology business executives.

This is an extremely entrepreneurial and capitalist world. Its picture isn't always pretty, but the end result has been a rolling prosperity leading to many fine and humane things. Never mind the Trinity, says local activist Gail Thomas, "Money is our river. Today's fresh financial flows support wonderful new philanthropy, art, improved quality of life. The dollars lubricate and power. They create vibrancy."

Certainly, Dallas is unusually hospitable to new money and new success. "We're perfect for dot-com guys," says *Dallas Morning News* editorialist William Murchison, "because there's no prejudice against new riches. They can waltz right in and be accepted." At the same time, there's no unnatural deference to wealth—that's not the frontier way.

At the root of many of these traits is the fact that, as local publisher Wick Allison puts it, "Dallas is an exceptionally meritocratic and competitive place." This shows up in everything from the business climate to the fierce, hard-nosed nature of local high school sports. I was impressed when I discovered that the high school football team fielded by Highland Park—the tony residential area where many Dallas civic leaders live—has been a consistent champion for many years. Football ain't golf or swim team. It requires an essential ferocity that rich kids in the fanciest schools of most cities just don't have today. Typically, it's the hungrier blue-collar districts, farm belts, or inner-city schools that produce top football teams. But in Dallas, the most consistent champion of organized adolescent smashmouth is fielded by a community where the lawns belong to top business guys, lawyers, and bankers. "Yeah, you're right, in Dallas the elites are still meat eaters," responded one local editor I asked about this. "They're not sophisticates who've gone soft as in some places. The rough-and-tumble virtues are still prized here."

As I've mulled over my impressions of Dallas during the last few months, I've thought several times of a comment by Senator Phil Gramm. "Texans," he once noted perspicaciously, "are America's Americans."

He's right. And with Dallas now functioning in numerous ways as the psychic capital of Texas, the streets and suites of Big D regularly exhibit double-pure strains of the qualities we think of as distinctive to the USA.

No, it's not a perfect country. But we sure do love it.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Does America have an immigration problem?

PLEASE WRITE

We welcome comments of all sorts in letters to the editor. Send to "The Mail," The American Enterprise, 1150 Seventeenth Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Or fax to (202) 862-5867. Or e-mail to TheAmericanEnterprise@compuserve.com. Include your address for verification. All letters receive our careful consideration. Published letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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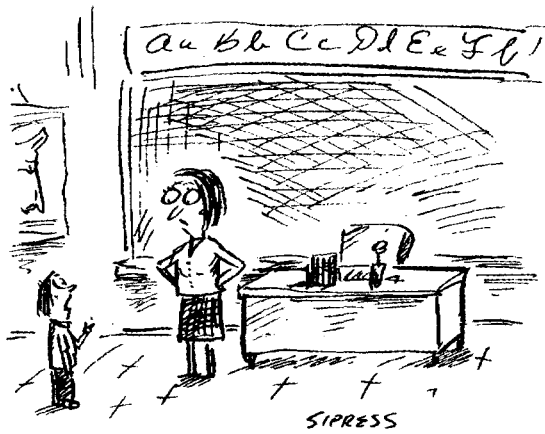
Sidelights

Sara Jane Olson, the accused Symbionese Liberation Army bomb-plotter, is hawking her new cookbook, *Serving Time: America's Most Wanted Recipes*, as part of a "media campaign to show people she's a civic-minded Susie Homemaker, not a wild-eyed SLA cop-car bomber," the *Los Angeles Times* reports. ❦ This year the federal Alternative Minimum Tax will affect only about 1 percent of all taxpayers, but by 2010, the Treasury Department admits, 16 percent will be affected—"taxpayers whom policymakers never intended" to be covered. ❦ **Al Smith** was outraged when his Chicago suburb named a street after *Playboy* founder **Hugh Hefner**. So Smith persuaded the town to change Main Street to **Alan Greenspan** Way. Hefner shrugged it all off: "Sex and money are both controversial," he told the *Wall Street Journal*. ··· University of Minnesota center **Ben Hamilton** says his Christian faith forbids him from accepting *Playboy*'s offer to name him a college football all-American. Ignoring suggestions he may be harming his pro prospects, Hamilton adds, "football is not the most important thing in my life." ❦ When 556 seniors at 55 top colleges (including Harvard and Princeton) were given a high-school-level test in American history, nearly 80 percent received a grade of D or F. Senator (not then vice presidential candidate) **Joseph Lieberman** commented, "This nation seems well on its way to testing" **Jefferson**'s famous proposition: "If a nation expects to be both ignorant and free…it expects what never was and never will be." ··· A poll of faculty at the University of Connecticut, Connecticut State University, and Connecticut Community College found 62 percent oppose racial, ethnic, and gender preferences in hiring; 59 percent oppose preferences in admissions. ··· Women received under 28 percent of the computer- and information-science bachelor degrees awarded in 1997, down from 37 percent in 1985, according to the Department of Education. ❦ Representative **Patrick Kennedy** (D-R.I.), breaking fund-raising records in Congress, explains, "My strengths are not being a legislative titan. My strengths are not being taken that seriously on the substance side. My strengths are my youth, my energy…my family name, my connections."

USA Today recently reported increasing interest in investing based on astrology. A broker at a large firm predicted a "crash" would occur the same day the story ran because of a new moon. ❦ A National Taxpayers Union Foundation study found that "drug innovation in America, the last major country with a free-market pharmaceutical industry, has accounted for 45 percent of the world's recent drug development (three times higher than the nearest competitor, the U.K.)." ··· The study also found the average U.S. senior citizen spends twice as much eating out as he does on drugs, and 70 percent of seniors spent under $500 annually on prescriptions. ··· Conversely, a study of drug-availability by the Lewin Group found that 99.9 percent of American women with breast cancer received state-of-the-art taxane drugs in 1996-98, but only 48 percent of patients in the Netherlands and 25 percent in Britain did. ❦ **Christopher Hitchens** urges his fellow leftists to vote for **Ralph Nader** for President but fears it may be possible "to use the threat of Christian fascism one more time to terrify the liberals" into voting for **Al Gore**, even though "it's pretty obvious that Governor **Bush** is not a hostage to his party's Jurassic wing."

Desperate to recruit new employees in boom times, Texas Instruments of Dallas tries "radical sourcing": sending recruiters to flea markets, sports events, and the like. ··· *The American Lawyer* surveyed thousands of mid-level associates in law firms around the country: 42 percent said, "I dread the long hours that will be expected of me as an associate." Only 30 percent said, "Most lawyers I've met are pleased with their career choices." ··· Work and family columnist **Sue Shellenbarger** surveys recent polls and finds 25 to 31 percent of dual-earner parents now often discuss becoming single-earner families, up from 6 to 8 percent in the early '90s; in 1997, 25 percent of men said if possible they'd rather stay home and take care of a family than hold a job, up from 19 percent three years earlier. And 37.5 percent of young families with kids have near-poverty incomes, compared to 14 percent of all families. ❦ The *Washington Post* reports the press corps was shocked to learn that presidential candidate George W. Bush "has never heard of **Leonardo DiCaprio**."

—*SW*



I had to fire the kid who does my homework.

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SCAN

A TAX PHANTOM IS STALKING YOU

If you were an unscrupulous tax-and-spend politician, you'd be frustrated by the unpopularity of tax hikes. It puts you in a bind: Most of the money that comes in each year is already targeted for old programs. So how are you going to find money to pay for your own pet projects?

Wouldn't it be great if you could conjure up a Tax Phantom? The Tax Phantom could take money away from people in the dark of night. He'd be so stealthy that nobody would see him come or go. Many citizens wouldn't even miss the money, and the extra revenue could be divided up among all your friends in Congress. With luck, there'd be so much to go around that everyone could be re-elected.

Guess what? There *is* a Tax Phantom. Our tax system is set up so that every year in which the economy grows, taxes are raised *automatically* on millions of people. Real growth is just about a sure thing in America: Since 1959, there have been only five years of economic contraction. And so tax hikes are a sure thing as well.

I'm *not* describing the "bracket creep" you've heard about before, where inflation—the watering-down of our money by politicians—unjustly pushes folks into higher tax brackets. That cheap trick has been ended by law.

So how does this other tax scam work? The class-warfare specialists in the Democratic Party have given us a highly "progressive" tax structure. This means that as you earn additional income, the tax rate you pay (not just the *amount*, but the actual *rate*) goes up as well. Now when the economy grows, the incomes of ordinary Americans grow too. But our tax brackets are only indexed to factor out inflation, *not* real growth. As a result, almost every year a large number of Americans are pushed into higher tax brackets and get hit with an automatic marginal tax rate hike.

The following table reveals that this "real bracket creep" is a very big deal. From 1993 to '97, the most recent years for which we have enough data to make the necessary calculations, the percentage of people in the 28 percent tax bracket increased by 7.3 percent. The increases are even sharper in the higher tax brackets, with the number of taxpayers in the top 39.6 percent bracket posting a whopping 55.5 percent increase over just those four years.

Mid-1990s Bracket Creep...

Tax bracket	Proportion of returns falling in each bracket	
	1993	1997
15 percent	64.3%	60.6%
28 percent	30.1	32.3
31 percent	3.2	3.8
36 percent	1.5	2.1
39.6 percent	0.9	1.4

Economists know that higher tax rates lead to all sorts of economic inefficiencies. Yet our tax code introduces steep rate increases each year, automatically. The next table shows just how much these rate hikes will shove tax returns into higher brackets by the year 2010, assuming that 1993-97 income growth patterns continue. For comparison, I include the 1993 distribution of returns.

The numbers are shocking. In 1993, barely over a third of all taxpayers faced a marginal tax rate higher than 15 percent. By 2010, if nothing changes, well more than half will. Approximately 20 million tax returns will experience a rate hike!

...Accumulates into Big Tax Increases

Tax bracket	Proportion of returns falling in each bracket		% change
	1993	2010 (projected)	
15 percent	64.3%	46.6%	-28%
28 percent	30.1	34.4	+14
31 percent	3.2	11.0	+244
36 percent	1.5	5.9	+293
39.6 percent	0.9	2.1	+133

When you're shoved into a higher tax bracket, your bill goes up. With 20 million Americans jumping brackets, that means a big chunk of the budget surpluses our politicians are racing to spend is attributable to unlegislated rate increases. How much?

There are two piles of revenue created by real bracket creep. The first comes from people who actually edge into higher brackets. If you are right at the top of the 15 percent bracket, for example, and have your income grow at the same real rate as GDP, then a chunk of your income ends up in the 28 percent bracket. If the 15 percent bracket had been expanded along with your income, you would pay 15 cents tax for each new dollar, but since the bracket was not expanded, you instead pay 28 cents on every dollar. The differ-

BETTER TO WORRY ABOUT LIGHTNING AND SHARK ATTACKS

Kansas author Laird Wilcox, who has spent decades tracking extremist groups, notes that a whole "industry" of "watchdog" organizations has grown up to trumpet the dangers of fringe groups like the neo-Nazis and the Ku Klux Klan. Yet the reality, Wilcox recently told the *Washington Times*, is that organized right-wing extremists in America now total only approximately 10,000 individuals. In a nation of 275 million, he concludes, that represents little threat.

Watchdogging, however, is a great way to raise money and score political points.

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ence, 13 cents, is the new revenue from the tax hike. This pile of money amounts to about $200 billion over the next 10 years.

The second pile is much, much bigger. Suppose you are Bill Gates, camped out in the top tax bracket for all time. If we move the limit on the 15 percent bracket higher to keep up with economic growth, it will affect even your tax bill. Why? Because the brackets apply to everybody. Bill Gates' first $41,000 is taxed at a 15 percent rate. If we fight real bracket creep by increasing the top of the 15 percent bracket to, say, $42,000 this year, then even Bill Gates would get a small tax cut on the $1,000 that previously was taxed at the higher rate. This pile of money amounts to about $1.1 trillion over the next ten years.

Putting the two effects together, one can say Americans will pay about $1.3 trillion extra over the next ten years because their income tax system is not indexed for real growth. To put that number in perspective, it's about the same size as the revenue reduction from Governor Bush's proposed tax reduction. His across-the-board 30 percent cut is just enough to offset tax hikes that are already in motion!

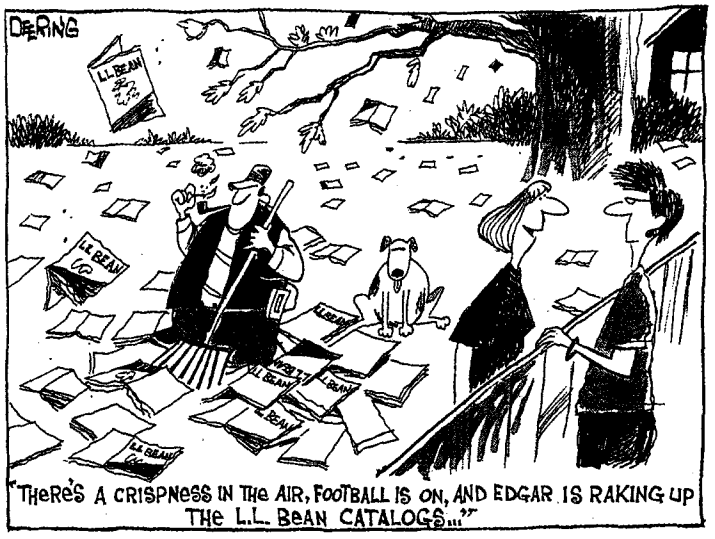
With luck, the Bush tax cut will become law. And when it does, Congress should be sure to index tax brackets for real economic growth in the future. That way, tax hikes will happen only if politicians muster the political support for them, and the Tax Phantom will be out of business.

—TAE *contributing writer*
Kevin Hassett *is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.*

SISTER POWER

One of *TAE*'s visits to Dallas coincided with a convivial organizational meeting of the Second Amendment Sisters, the grassroots pro-gun group that rose from the heartland to take on the conceived-in-Hollywood Million Mom March.

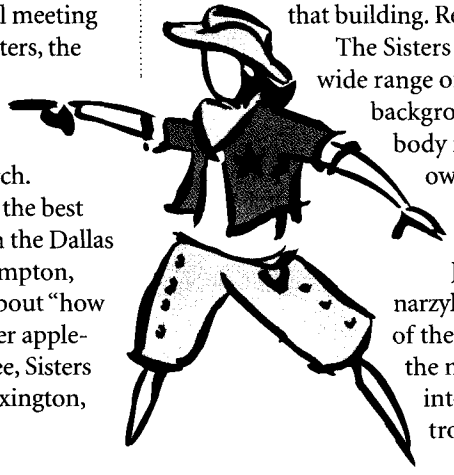
The Sisters are amateurs in the best sense. At this June gathering in the Dallas home of co-founder Mary Compton, they were consulting a book about "how to set up an organization." Over apple-spice cake, brownies, and coffee, Sisters Compton, Diane Sawyer of Lexington, South Carolina; Diane McKeough of Saranac Lake, New York; Deb Wasilewski of Ocean County, New Jersey; Juli Bednarzyk of Chicago; and Kim Watson of Tallahassee, Florida, joshed like old friends, though most had not set eyes on each other until the month before.



The Sisters were "a complete Internet venture," says Wasilewski. They met on FreeRepublic.com in early January. Under such *noms de computer* as "Ms. 12-Gauge" and "Pistol-packin' Mama," they organized what became a march of several thousand Middle American women—football moms, as opposed to the soccer moms of soft-focus-group dreams.

"They said they spoke for all women," says Sawyer of the Million Moms. "And I remember thinking, 'You don't know me.'" So this handful of women, who unlike the Clintonian yuppies of the Million Moms didn't have experience organizing anything beyond "maybe a Christmas party here and there," as Bednarzyk says, successfully carried off a countermarch.

The march was a stirring sororal affirmation of the Bill of Rights. Behind banners reading "Don't Tread on Me" and "What Part of 'Shall Not Be Infringed' Don't You Understand?" the Sisters marched past the National Archives, chanting, "The Constitution's in that building. Read it."



The Sisters hail from a wide range of shooting backgrounds. "Nobody in my family owns guns. I never shot a gun," says Juli Bednarzyk, the city girl of the group. "But the more I looked into gun control, the more I thought, 'This is a bunch of lies.' I got annoyed. I joined the NRA and then six months later I bought a gun." (The Sisters have no formal connection with the NRA; there's not a corporate sponsor, or even a paid staff member, in sight. "If we're part of the gun lobby, I have not gotten my paycheck yet," laughs Bednarzyk.)

South Carolinian Sawyer, on the other hand, says, "I grew up in a home with guns. I still live on land that my family's lived on for generations, and my family's always owned guns. It's just a part of our lives, really. Daddy would take us out and let us shoot. I just believe in the Constitution. It's made us the greatest country in the world; so why mess with it?"

She adds, "We came together to march on Mother's Day to represent the Bill of Rights, and what we discovered along the way was women really feel like they don't have a voice in this issue. It's kind of a guy thing. The guys got guns, the guys run the NRA, and these women are like, 'Thank God I found you; I've been waiting for a group like yours to come along.'"

The letters pour in by the thousands, and Mary Compton struggles womanfully to answer them. She picks a typical letter from a 68-year-old woman in Cottonwood, Tennessee, who writes of growing up with guns, of relying on them for sport and dinner and protection. Invoking the spirit of Davy Crockett, she writes, "Tennesseans have a long history of rushing to help our Texas cousins, and in that spirit I hope you will accept me as a Second Amendment

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sister. Just tell me what you want me to do."

By the end of their Dallas weekend, the Sisters had gotten the hang of organizing: A board of directors was in place. Constitutional rights to speak, petition, march, and raise hell are going to get a workout. The Cottonwoods have found a voice. The Second Amendment ain't dead yet.

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BULLETIN: TEENS CAN CHOOSE RIGHT

Last month, the U.S. Centers for Disease Control (CDC) announced that the teenage birth rate, which has edged downward every year since 1991, now stands at its lowest level in 60 years.

No, this is not simply the result of more contraceptives and more abortions. The CDC also reports a 28 percent decrease in teen abortions during the '90s, and a 9 percent decrease in teen pregnancy. "Teenagers frankly are more conservative sexually," says Bill Albert, spokesman for the National Campaign to Prevent Teen Pregnancy.

Most significant of all, more teens are simply avoiding sexual activity altogether. Data from the National Youth Risk Behavior Survey show the proportion of high school males who have had sexual intercourse declined from 57.4 percent in 1991 to 52.2 percent in 1999. Among girls, the decline was from 50.8 percent to 47.7 percent. Overall, a majority of U.S. high school students are now virgins, and very large majorities are currently abstinent.

"Abstinence has exploded over the last ten years," says Peter Brandt of Focus on the Family. Numerous formal programs to teach abstinence to teens have sprouted since Congress established a small office to support such efforts at the same time it passed welfare reform. More than 80 percent of all school districts now require their sex education programs to emphasize abstinence. Fully a third require abstinence-only programs. Only 14 percent of all school districts now present "safe sex" contraception-centered programs.

Abstinence education can succeed with even the most difficult teen populations. Elayne Bennett's "Best Friends" program—which was launched in inner-city Washington, D.C. public schools with very high poverty rates and very low rates of intact families—has shown that 40-50 percent of the sexually active girls who enter its doors discontinue their activity. Sexual abuse levels are also reduced by about two-thirds during the year, and drug use is cut in half.

A 1999 report, "The Declines in Adolescent Pregnancy, Abortion, and Birth Rates in the 1990s: What Factors are Responsible?", commissioned by the Consortium of State Physicians Resource Councils, representing doctors in 13 states, found that the decade's improvements cannot be credited to increased contraceptive use. Among teens who *are* sexually active, the study found, out-of-wedlock births and other problems actually continued to rise. Our overall national progress, the authors suggest, is accounted for in largest measure by a 12-fold increase in the number of teens reached by abstinence education.

Indeed, the massive National Longitudinal Study on Adolescent Health reveals the two most important influences on teenage decisions about sexual behavior today are (1) "a virginity pledge" of the sort many abstinence programs now encourage, and (2) "perceived parent disapproval of adolescent contraception." So maybe teenagers aren't as untameable as fruit flies after all.

MORE THAN ONE CHOICE

"More than one choice" is the unofficial mantra of Feminists for Life (FFL). It brings to mind slogans early feminists employed to win the vote for women, and refers particularly to FFL's College Outreach Program, which provides pregnant college women—who procure roughly 200,000 abortions per year (a fifth of the national total)—the resources to choose life.

Feminists for Life hopes to tell anyone who will listen—in the most cooperative, conciliatory way possible—that not all choices are equal, that the "pro-choice" mentality (in which the "choice" is frequently abortion) does not genuinely affirm womanhood. Present-day feminists often assert that a woman should have control over her own body. Yet the decision to abort is, more often than not, about deferring to others' wishes, especially those of a boyfriend or parent(s).

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The influence of college on women's abortion views is reflected in a 1996 Gallup poll:

- 47 percent of high school women are pro-life, versus 37 percent who are pro-choice.
- 59 percent of women who have attended but not completed college are pro-choice.
- 73 percent of women who have completed college are pro-choice.

The College Outreach Program provides college women with life-affirming resources, including "Pregnancy Resource Forums" which assess university resources for on-campus housing and child care, maternity coverage in student health care plans, free help at pregnancy care centers, and paternity establishment. The program also offers communications tools—compelling speakers, publications, and advertisements.

Operating on a budget one-thirtieth the size of Planned Parenthood's own college outreach program, or roughly $1 per abortion performed on college-aged women, Feminists for Life gamely soldiers on in the fight to win yet another basic right for women.

—**Mary Claire Kendall** *is a writer living in Bethesda, Maryland.*

P.C. IN THE W.C.

You thought political correctness couldn't get nuttier. But you were wrong.

Swedes have opened another front in the battle against male oppression: Men must stop going to the bathroom standing up.

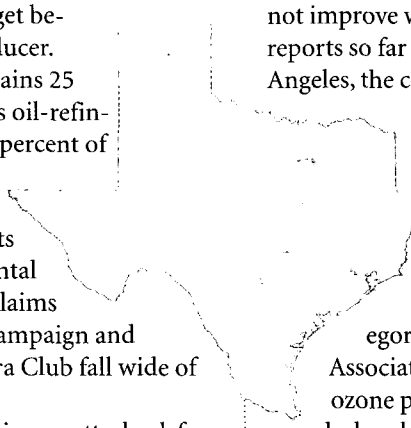
"The young, leftish intelligentsia" there takes the view that "to stand is a nasty macho gesture," one pleased Swedish woman told the London *Spectator*, which insists that the trend is catching on.

Desperate to be hip, the British ambassador has taken down the urinals at his residence. And Progress marches—make that, *tiptoes*—on.

ENVIRONMENTAL GORE

Texas Governor George Bush has been under heavy attack on environmental issues from presidential hopeful Al Gore and his green allies, who claim the Lone Star state is choking on pollution.

Texas is a big target because it is a big producer. Today the state contains 25 percent of America's oil-refining capacity and 60 percent of our petrochemical capacity; so it's no surprise it has had its share of environmental stresses. But many claims made by the Gore campaign and groups like the Sierra Club fall wide of the mark.



The latter is running an attack ad, for instance, that says hundreds of the state's industrial sites aren't complying with the Clean Water Act. But this factoid involves compliance with bureaucratic permits, not actual water quality. According to the latest report by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), Texas's lakes and rivers are cleaner than the national average.

Gore claims that since Bush became governor, Texas has led the nation in toxic "releases to the air, water, and soil." It's a big, industrial state, as we've said. But what's most relevant here is that the latest EPA data (for 1998), show Texas leading the nation in *reducing* toxic releases, down by 43 million pounds since Bush took office in 1995. By 1998, Texas had moved from first to fifth place for total emissions.

Gore also happily repeated an inaccuracy from the *Washington Post*, which claimed there is "statistical evidence that the air in Texas cities is as foul—and perhaps more so—than when Bush" arrived. This charge combines with the assertion that "Houston has become the smog capital of the nation." Once again, the figures don't add up. The Texas Natural Resources Conservation Commission reports industrial air emissions fell by 11 percent from 1994-98. Similarly, the EPA keeps track of six air pollutants, and according to their most recent report, air quality in Texas has improved in five of the six categories. In two of those categories, the nation as a whole saw *rising* levels of pollution; in two more categories, Texas's improvements greatly outpaced the national average.

The only category in which Texas did not improve was ozone, but even here reports so far this year indicate that Los Angeles, the country's traditional smog champ, has exceeded federal ozone standards on many more days than Houston. And L.A. is significantly more polluted than Houston in four of the remaining categories. The American Lung Association recently looked at ozone pollution trends and declared the L.A. area worst in the nation, Houston number five. Shall we blame California's Democratic Governor Gray Davis?

Texas is no Tahiti (but then its residents don't have to make do with grass huts either). It has, however, achieved crisp pollution reductions that demonstrate government can improve environmental quality without bashing business. Perhaps that is what really frightens left-wing environmentalists.

REACTIONARIES CLING TO OLD-STYLE WELFARE

At the end of August, the government reported that since 1994—when the new Republican Congress announced it was going to institute a major welfare reform—the number of Americans on the dole has tumbled from 14.2 million to 6.3 million. And of those remaining on welfare, nearly a third are now working.

The progress has come unevenly across the country, however. Numerous states have made dramatic reductions, but others, less willing to get tough, have experienced unimpressive results.

Take Minnesota. When Congress abolished the main federal welfare program (AFDC), it told the 50 states to design their own programs to replace it, subject only to a five-year lifetime limit on any family's welfare participation (with limited hardship exceptions). Minnesota's version of welfare reform, the Minnesota Family

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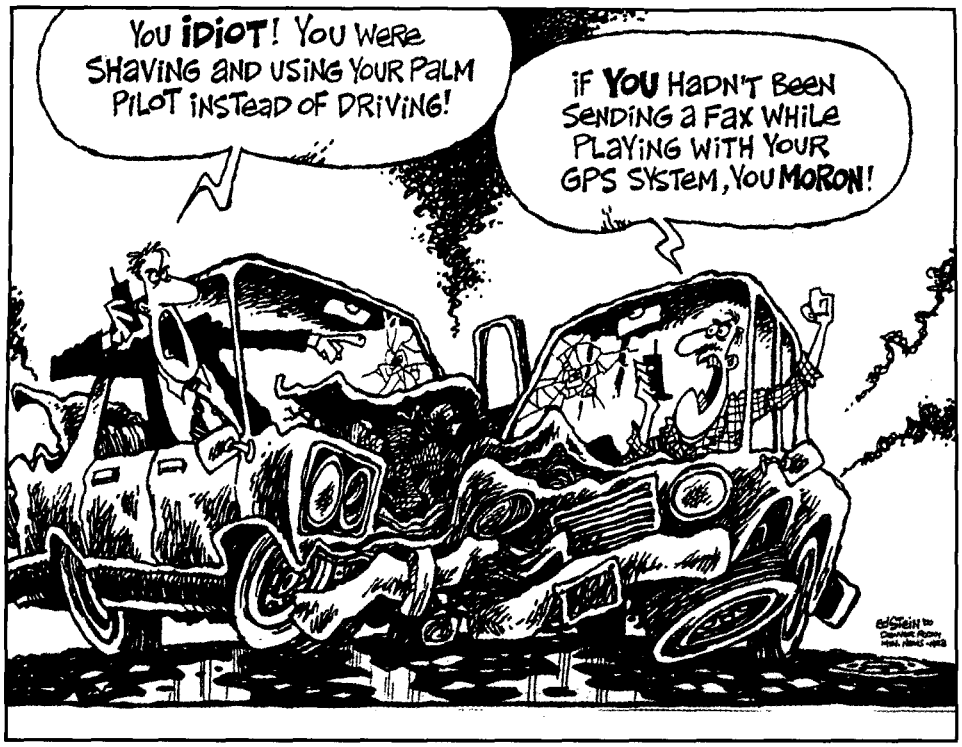

United Feature Syndicate/Ed Stein

Investment Program (MFIP), showed far less willingness to end dependency and insist on self-reliance. This "gentle" approach gained the state sympathetic coverage in the liberal media, but recent claims of the state's success are deceiving.

MFIP encourages work by threatening long-term welfare recipients with a potential 10 percent cut in benefits if they fail to undertake job-related activities. More unusually, it allows welfare recipients to retain much of their benefits even if they are working. Not surprisingly, a recent evaluation by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation found that MFIP increased the incomes of welfare recipients (and decreased reported incidents of domestic abuse). Press releases touted this as a great success.

But actual results detailed in the report reveal that the program's achievements were marginal at best. First, the report's conclusions were based on comparisons of welfare recipients on an MFIP pilot program that began before Congress passed welfare reform, which means the report compared recipients of MFIP with Minnesotans receiving AFDC. And it's difficult to imagine any welfare program worse than the old AFDC.

The report even reveals that MFIP is worse than AFDC: MFIP "modestly increased dependence" compared to the AFDC control group. And among two-parent families receiving MFIP, the "primary effect was to cause one parent in some of the families to cut back on work, either by reducing his or her hours worked or leaving work entirely."

When all participants in the pilot program are counted, MFIP didn't encourage recipients to leave welfare. MFIP participants stayed on welfare longer than their AFDC counterparts because they were able to combine welfare and work.

Since the pilot program ended and MFIP was implemented statewide in 1998, Minnesota has had almost no reduction in its welfare rolls, and MFIP has failed to produce any significant work effort among its participants. In May 1999, for instance, only 28 percent of families with eligible adults had 20 or more work hours per week—despite Minnesota's record low unemployment rate. Jobs at every level have gone begging throughout the state since MFIP's birth, nowhere more than in Minneapolis-St. Paul. Yet in May 1999, 64 percent of Minneapolis-St. Paul welfare families had no working adult at all.

According to a study released this year by Minnesota's Office of the Legislative Auditor, if those MFIP participants who are now working part-time instead worked full-time, the vast majority would be self-supporting.

In short, Minnesota's politicians have re-created the very features that made the AFDC program so devastating to the families that became dependent on it. In January, Minnesota's welfare commissioner projected no decline in the state's welfare caseload over the next three years. And he recommended the state continue making welfare payments to families that exhaust the five-year limit set by federal law. Is this not a confession of failure?

The pity is, Minnesota need only look to neighbors like Wisconsin to discover much more effective ways to encourage self-sufficiency instead of destructive check-collecting. But some people never learn.

—**John Hinderaker** *and* **Scott Johnson** *are Minneapolis attorneys and adjunct fellows of the Claremont Institute.*

DOUBLE DORM STANDARDS

For years, tony colleges have sneered at the military for worrying about open homosexuals in the ranks. Indeed, a number of schools are supporting legal challenges to the services' policy. Some consider banning ROTC (though they usually decide it's not worth the federal research dollars that would be lost—there are limits, apparently, to the value of diversity).

The military says its "Don't ask, don't tell" policy promotes the unit cohesion needed in combat by reducing sexual tension and respecting personal privacy. The colleges say these claims only mask irrational prejudice. University administrators insist troops in mortal combat should be able to handle the tension of living in mixed quarters.

But it turns out that college kids living in dorms and frat houses, threatened by such dangers as beer kegs and basketball games, are quite a different matter.

Tufts, for example, in the same year it joined a lawsuit against the military, established "The Rainbow House," a college residence for gay students that, according to its mission statement, "exists to provide lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered students and allies a housing option where their sexual orientation will not be an issue of conflict." Carl Sciortino, the house manager, told

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the *Boston Globe*, "Students in the past have found themselves having a major crush on their straight roommate, and that's a really uncomfortable situation."

In fact, the situation is so dire that colleges nationwide are establishing separate barracks for gays, not only as a haven from homophobic sophomores, but also to guard against emotional troubles gay students face in mixed living quarters.

The University of Oregon this year placed homosexual students in special "residence clusters" within university housing. "This is a place where people would know they would be safe," said Heath Hutto of the university's Standing Committee on Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Concerns.

For six years, Amherst has maintained a residence hall especially for gay students. "We mention it in the tours," says housing staff member Chris Budz. "It's been completely filled up in the last two years." Similar residences exist at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Wesleyan College in Connecticut, and the University of California's Irvine and Berkeley campuses. The University of California at Santa Cruz even has two separate residence halls, Bayit Wiesel and Harvey Milk House, that serve as affinity housing for Jewish homosexuals specifically.

Even apart from straight students, same-sex housing makes many gay students on campus uncomfortable. "It's institutionalized homophobia," says Sciortino of Tufts. So some colleges—Haverford, Wesleyan, Antioch, and Hampshire—now mix males and females as roommates in some dorms. "The single-sex housing rule 'protected' straight students from having to deal with the possible consequences of living with someone one might get romantically involved with," explains Kilian Kroell, a member of Haverford's Bisexual, Gay, and Lesbian Alliance, "but that 'protection' never existed for queer students."

The hypocrisy in all this has not gone entirely unnoticed. When gay students argue they feel uncomfortable about rooming with straight students, complains Tufts' president John DiBiaggio, "it flies in the face of the fact that many of us have been engaged in trying to change military policy on gays. If students can't live in this situation, what will they do in the military, living with someone who is not gay?"

—**Steven Menashi** *is editor in chief of the* Dartmouth Review.

FOREIGN POLICY AFTER CLINTON

The Clinton administration's foreign policy has quietly piled up serious problems for our future. Let me spotlight its errors by contrasting some principles I think should govern foreign policy.

• The quest for a blinding flash that will instantly bring peace to the Middle East should be abandoned in favor of gradual work on root causes. More immigration visas to Western nations could do much to reduce the Palestinian refugee problem and would also provide the eventual Palestinian state with a flow of remittances from abroad. The Israelis should be advised to modify their Weimar Republic-like constitution, which weakens governments and thereby magnifies the influence of Arab and Jewish terrorists and fundamentalist groups. We should offer assistance to the police institutions, public administration, and auditing services of the Palestinian Authority.

• Economic boycotts on countries like Serbia, Sudan, Syria, Burma, and Cuba are not measures short of war but methods of total war. If successful, they destroy the merchant class necessary to a liberal society, make all citizens slaves to the issuers of their ration books, and ensure that more and more economic activity takes place in black markets ruled by lead pipes and not law. If the desired political upheaval occurs, they guarantee the collapse of society will be total. Thanks to our boycott, a post-Castro government, for instance, will likely not be a law-abiding free-enteprise state led by Miami emigrés, but a Caribbean Albania, without either law or a functioning economy, but with six times Albania's population and a calmer sea for boats to cross.

• Encouraging democracy in emerging nations will require not merely formal elections but a tradition of limitations on the executive. Multi-ethnic democracy in particular requires limited government. Partition or devolution, for all their difficulties and cruelties, would have led to happier futures in Yugoslavia and most of Africa.

• Spheres of influence still have their value. There are good reasons for the United States not to meddle in Francophone Africa. The French have not always supported enlightened governments, but they have usually recognized, as the Clinton administration has not, that any government is better than none. Similarly there are British Commonwealth nations like Sierra Leone and nations in Central Asia that do not deserve our inexpert ministrations.

• The pretensions of international lawyers must be curbed. The Clinton administration offered little resistance to the proliferation and misuse of human rights conventions; a new administration needs to be tougher. The rules of elected national parliaments should never be rendered subject to veto by "world courts" in Strasbourg or The Hague, not if government by consent of the governed is to survive.

In sum, the object of foreign policy is not "national greatness," but the preservation of peace and self-government. A new administration needs to be clearer about this than the one we have just endured.

—TAE *contributing writer* **George Liebmann** *is the author of* Solving Problems Without Large Government.

HOW VERY TOLERANT

The New York State Education Department recently recommended that State Education Commissioner Richard Mills require all school districts to phase out Native American mascots.

Given that hundreds of high schools in upstate New York (in fact, one out of every six) have Indian nicknames—reflecting the rich Indian heritage of the region—the bureaucrats would create a lot of outlaw districts with one stroke of the Commissioner's pen.

But then, how can society tolerate an outrage like letting a team call itself the Westhill Warriors?

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"Live" with TAE

A FOOTBALL STAR TURNED BUSINESS TITAN TALKS ABOUT HOW BOTH PARTS OF HIS LIFE HAVE UNFOLDED IN DALLAS, TEXAS.

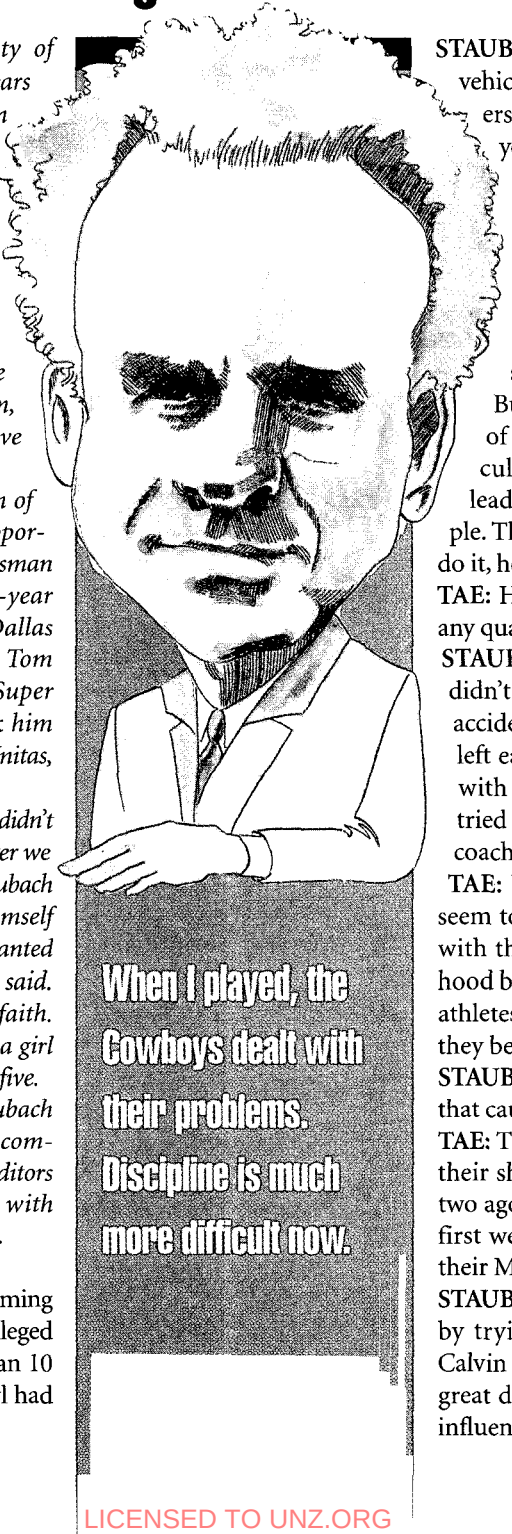
Roger Staubach

Roger Staubach's connection with the city of Dallas has an eerie beginning that started years before he began playing with the Cowboys in 1969. On the fateful weekend of November 22, 1963, Staubach, a football, basketball, and baseball star at the U.S. Naval Academy, was the cover subject for Life *magazine. Then JFK was shot down in Dealey Plaza as the magazine was shipping, and* Life*'s editors decided to pull the Staubach issue and print a completely new one about the slain President. "They destroyed most of them, but they gave me a few copies, and I still have one at home," Staubach says.*

Growing up in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of a salesman, Staubach saw football as his opportunity for college. After winning the 1963 Heisman Trophy at Annapolis, he served his four-year obligation in the Navy, then joined the Dallas Cowboys. He rapidly became one of Coach Tom Landry's brightest stars, playing in four Super Bowls and setting passing records that rank him above the likes of such NFL greats as Johnny Unitas, Bart Starr, and Sonny Jurgensen.

"There wasn't a player on the Cowboys who didn't look to him and think, 'As long as we have Roger we have a chance to win,'" said one NFL coach. Staubach was also known for the way he conducted himself off the field. "His was the type of image you wanted in the game for young people," Landry once said. Part of that is Staubach's vibrant Catholic faith. Another aspect is his family life: He married a girl from his hometown and is the proud father of five.

Now, at age 58, Staubach leads The Staubach Company, one of North America's leading commercial real estate businesses. TAE *associate editors John Meroney and Bill Kauffman visited with Roger Staubach at his headquarters in Dallas.*



TAE: Increasingly, professional sports is becoming tarnished by scandal. Athletes are routinely alleged to have committed violent crimes. More than 10 percent of the players in the last Super Bowl had criminal histories. What's causing all this?

STAUBACH: Money can corrupt or it can be a vehicle for good things. In the old days, players were paid well, but not like now. When you're young, it's easy to get caught up on this fast-track lifestyle. Who a person associates with matters a great deal, too. When an athlete is making a lot of money, he has to be careful who he surrounds himself with.

When I played, the Cowboys had their share of problems, just as they do today. But back then Tom Landry dealt with each of them. Discipline is so much more difficult now. In business, you've got to have leadership, and the ability to discipline people. The same goes for sports. If a coach doesn't do it, he gets in trouble. Landry did it.

TAE: He was the sort of man who didn't have any qualms about cracking down.

STAUBACH: If you were late for practice, it didn't matter if your excuse was an automobile accident. Landry's view was, "You should have left earlier." No exceptions. Players were dealt with swiftly—either cut or traded. Landry tried to balance coaching and discipline. Some coaches don't know how to do that.

TAE: When athletes make it big today, they seem to bring the culture of their old lifestyles with them. Their buddies from the neighborhood become part of their entourage. Years ago, athletes tried to put that life behind them once they became successful.

STAUBACH: You're right. It's those associations that cause a lot of this.

TAE: The Cowboys have recently had more than their share of controversies. The joke a year or two ago was, "How do the Cowboys spend their first week of training camp? Answer: studying their Miranda rights." How do you change that?

STAUBACH: Jerry Jones has done a great thing by trying to use former NFL players such as Calvin Hill and Paul Warfield—guys who have a great deal of personal integrity and stature—to influence younger players.

Illustration by Lucinda S. Levine

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TAE: Do you think the NFL should suspend players for off-the-field behavior, which it did for the very first time last season?

STAUBACH: Absolutely. They should do more than that, but I'm not running the NFL. I think there should be random testing for drugs, for example, because drugs lead to many other problems. A player is tested when he comes into the league, but once he's there it never happens unless a guy behaves totally off the wall. But some of these reforms are being prevented by the Players' Association.

TAE: In some of the histories of the Dallas Cowboys, there's a suggestion that Tom Landry might be racially prejudiced.

STAUBACH: Well, I never saw anything like that, and I joined the team in 1969. But remember, back in those days the city of Dallas was segregated. Black players couldn't eat in certain restaurants here.

TAE: You had a reputation as a straight-arrow, good Christian, clean-living graduate of the Naval Academy. A pretty straight-laced guy. But as quarterback you were extremely unconventional, given to scrambling and improvisation. Your playing style was at odds with your personality.

STAUBACH: That's very perceptive. As an athlete, I gambled. But off the field—that's not me. But I'll tell you, I didn't have the kind of style as a quarterback that Tom Landry particularly liked. There were certain qualities that for him were great—I worked hard, loved my teammates, and was able to influence them. But my scrambling definitely didn't endear me to the coach.

TAE: Do you gamble in business?

STAUBACH: Well, when you build a business you have to take risks. I worked in the off-season every year, and then started my own business 22 years ago. There are lots of demands and headaches associated with growing a business.

TAE: You were a three-sport star through high school and the Naval Academy and became a Hall of Famer as a professional athlete. So you have been admired and worshipped for a good part of your life. Doesn't that make it harder to relate to people one-on-one?

STAUBACH: I try to look at my record as something that's positive. I admire athletes, and I'm a fan of many of them. But, sure, there's a humility you have to bring to your life when you're on top as an athlete. I've always tried to keep a balance.

TAE: But when you walk into a business meeting in Dallas, don't you know in the back of your mind that almost everyone at the table was once in stands cheering for you on the field? It must be hard to treat them as equals.

I feel like I'm one of the lucky guys. The only woman I've ever been involved with is my wife, who I married 35 years ago. We have five children who are good kids.

STAUBACH: Well, if Michael Jordan walked into this room, I'd be a fan like everybody else. But I also know that he's just a human being sitting there, and that there are things he can't do that others can. I look at myself that way. Yet I do sometimes get caught up in knowing that watching me in a game on Thanksgiving Day may have been a big event in the life of someone I meet.

TAE: You're not wearing your Super Bowl ring.

STAUBACH: Well, it's really kind of big. When I go to a special event, I'll wear it. But I don't want to be sitting around in a meeting and have people focus on it and be intimidated when they see it. I'm really proud of it, and even when you lose the game, the one you get is great.

TAE: Your Cowboys teammate Walt Garrison once said, "Roger just wasn't given to having a good time. He was against having fun. It's in his genes not to have fun." Was that true, and have you since learned how to have fun?

STAUBACH: Well, Walt embellishes a little bit. Someone once asked him, "Did you ever see Tom Landry smile?" And he paused for a minute and said, "Well, no. But I was only there for nine years." (laughs)

But I feel like I'm one of the lucky guys. The only woman I've ever been involved with is my wife, who I married 35 years ago. We have five children who are good kids. I have a great time going out, and watching my kids play sports. People said we had a conservative life. Comedian Don Rickles used to joke, "If you want to have a good time, go out with Roger Staubach. Eat ice cream all night." (laughs) They made fun of us, sure, but I've got a sense of humor.

TAE: Did you ever feel like you weren't quite part of the team because you didn't womanize and drink?

STAUBACH: One time they compared me with Joe Namath and I said, "I like sex just as much as he does—but I happen to do it with only one woman." (laughs) It's still that way for me.

TAE: Recent comparisons have been made between Indiana basketball coach Bobby Knight and Green Bay Packers football coach Vince Lombardi. From what you know about both men, is that fair?

STAUBACH: Vince Lombardi certainly kept his temper under control more than Bobby Knight does, that's for sure.

TAE: Could Lombardi coach in today's NFL?

STAUBACH: Well, he was a disciplinarian and made his players work hard. That's what's needed today.

TAE: Describe your relationship with Governor George W. Bush.

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STAUBACH: I've known him and his family since 1980, when I campaigned for Ronald Reagan and George Bush. That was the year I retired from football, and I really didn't want to get involved in politics until I became a businessman. Neil, Jeb, Marvin, and George W. all used to play basketball at my house, and we had some knock-down drag-out challenges. George W. has always been very competitive.

TAE: So he's a good athlete?

STAUBACH: He's very good. He's a fitness guy and he runs a lot. What he calls "compassionate conservatism" is what appeals to me, and I think it really means something. A government that governs less governs best. Government shouldn't be a solution to our social problems, but it can be a vehicle.

TAE: One of the objectives of the Bush campaign this year has been to portray George W. as a different kind of Republican. Since you supported Reagan, and you're now backing Bush, what do you see as the differences between those men?

STAUBACH: Well, Reagan's main agenda was stopping the Soviets and lowering taxes. Reagan wasn't as far on the right as the Right is today. George W. Bush is trying to cross over and let the middle of the country know, "You're the people who really run this place." I think he's trying to be different from a party that is moving too far to the right.

TAE: Are you pro-life?

STAUBACH: Yes, very strongly. But unfortunately, not everyone in the country is like me. The middle of the country isn't pro-choice, either. But it is saying, "Let's put a few restrictions on things and not have partial-birth abortions or use abortion for birth control." What George W. wants to do is stop some of this craziness and move more toward the middle of the country. That would save a lot of lives.

TAE: If Governor Bush becomes President Bush and you were offered a federal position, would you accept it?

STAUBACH: No. We've got 830 people who work here; so things in Dallas keep me busy.

TAE: What is it about Dallas that has spawned so many top real estate companies such as yours, Trammell Crow's, the one owned by Ross Perot, Jr., and so forth?

STAUBACH: Well, it's in the middle of the country and is easily accessible. We've got a good labor force and a lot of land that still hasn't been developed. The public universities are phenomenal, and the kids are staying here after they graduate. Texas really is a great state. I'm from Ohio and was a Yankee when I first came here, and a Damn Yankee when I stayed. But I love it.

TAE: If you were a high school student now, would you want to go to the Naval Academy?

STAUBACH: Oh, yes. It's a great education, and even better now than when I was there. I have an engineering degree, and that used to be all there was. Now there are more business courses.

TAE: What do you think about the admission of women?

STAUBACH: It's fantastic. Of course, I'm the father of four girls and one boy. I know from my business here that women can be as tough and competitive as men, but they have a better sensitivity about them than we do. To be a leader in business today, one has to have a balance between an aggressive, competitive, "make it happen" style, and one that's giving and puts you in the other person's shoes. We've got some wonderful women in this country who will make great leaders, and I think it's good to have them in the military.

TAE: Did you encourage your children to go to the service academies?

STAUBACH: It was their decision. They went to Texas A&M, San Antonio, Duke, Vanderbilt, and Catholic University.

TAE: Wasn't that "Hail Mary Pass" to Drew Pearson that beat the Minnesota Vikings in 1975 offensive interference?

STAUBACH: (laughs) If that play happened now, with all the television cameras that cover a game from different angles, you might be able to make that case. (laughs) The ball was underthrown, and I intentionally did that. Drew came back and I actually hit him on the hip—he made a great catch and said he didn't push off, but I don't know.

TAE: It certainly ranks as one of the most memorable football plays in history.

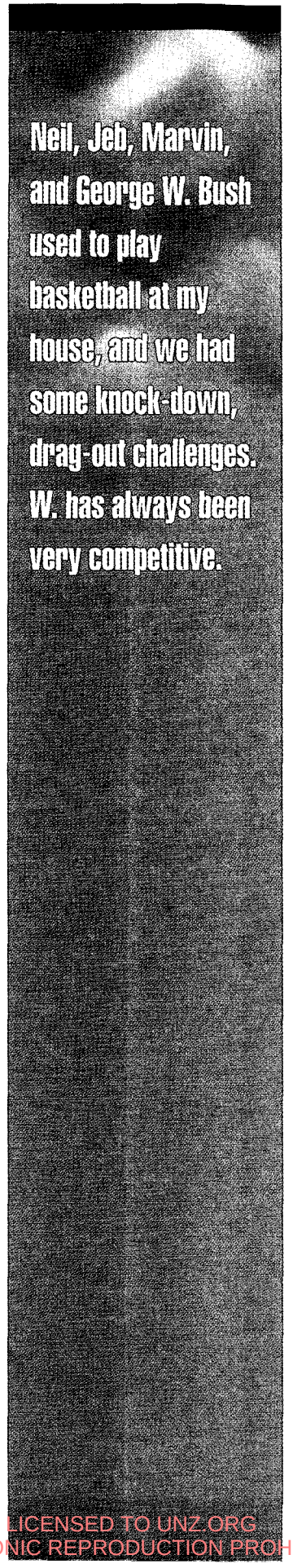
STAUBACH: It was one of those amazing things in life. I get tired of people trying to credit someone else with the "Hail Mary Pass" because that term hadn't ever been used before. After the game, reporters asked me about it and I said, "I just closed my eyes and said a Hail Mary." I could have said, "Hey, I just closed my eyes and said an Our Father." (laughs) So the next day the newspaper headline was, "'Hail Mary Pass' Wins Game." NFL Trivia has it starting from that game. Before, a play like that was described as an "Alley-Oop."

TAE: Roger Staubach Catholicized the last-minute long pass.

STAUBACH: (laughs) I went to Rome a few years ago and actually shook hands with the Pope. I was going to tell him about it.

TAE: There might have been a problem with the translation.

STAUBACH: (laughs) Or he might have said, "I'm a Vikings fan, Roger."



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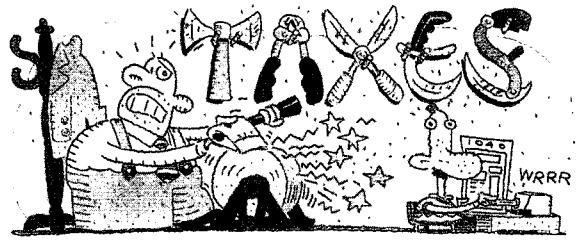
Forward Observer

JAMES GLASSMAN



End the Surplus Now

We've come a long way from 1992, when the federal deficit hit a record, with Washington spending $290 billion more than it raised in taxes. As I write, just two months before fiscal year 2000 ends, Washington is projected to spend $232 billion *less* than it takes in.

But that's not necessarily a good thing. A surplus is an enticement to spend. And politicians rarely need encouragement. So far, divided government has prevented excesses, but this election could change that.

Even with Republicans holding both houses of Congress, spending is rising at a disturbing pace. Between last October and June, excluding interest on the debt, outlays have risen 6.6 percent—or about three times the rate of inflation. In other words, government, even in an age of surpluses—*especially* in an age of surpluses—just keeps getting bigger.

Most people seem to know Washington is running a surplus, but few understand just how gigantic it is—and what a crisis it is creating. Politicians are simply not equipped to deal with the tidal wave of cash flooding Washington.

The surpluses began, modestly, in 1998 with a windfall of $69 billion. For the first time since 1969 the federal government's revenues exceeded its spending. The surplus nearly doubled to $124 billion in 1999 and will nearly double again this year. With this kind of growth in profits, if the budget were a stock it would be soaring.

But of course, a surplus is *not* the same as a profit—though you would never know it from the self-congratulatory air in Washington. A surplus is actually a kind of mistake, an overcharge, even an unethical taking of other people's money. Government is collecting far more money than it claims to need—this year an incredible 13 percent more, and by the year 2006 about 30 percent more!

If such estimates are correct, Washington will have vast amounts of excess cash, even after paying off all the debt it can. Can the estimates be believed? The economic assumptions certainly can. They are probably on the low side. The key figure—real gross domestic product (GDP), the nation's total output of goods and services—is projected to grow by an average of 2.7 percent. In reality, the average has been about 4 percent for the past four years, 6 percent for the past 12 months.

But no one can predict what Congress and the President will do with the cash coming their way. History shows that when a surplus emerges, it quickly gets spent. After all, the last time the nation ran three straight surpluses was 1949.

Conservatives for nearly two decades have used the deficit as evidence that less spending is necessary. But two ironies have emerged. First, a flood of revenues, *not* restraint in spending, produced the surplus. This fiscal year, for example, spending for the first nine months rose 5.6 percent (including a decline in interest costs as government bonds were retired), while tax revenues rose 11.2 percent. Prosperity, in short, not only provides more corporate and personal income to tax, but also pushes taxpayers into higher and higher brackets.

The second irony: With deficits gone, conservatives need a new rationale for holding down spending. So far, they have not come up with one, nor do they seem eager to find one. The specter of deficits still haunts America, and it is one reason tax cuts are not enthusiastically embraced by the public.

The truth is, deficits are far less important than the level of spending and taxing itself. Milton Friedman, the Nobel Prize-winning economist, said years ago that a deficit of $500 billion with a spending budget of $1 trillion was preferable to a balanced budget of $2 trillion. And he's right. The key is how much money—either in taxes or in borrowing (it doesn't make much difference which)—Washington is pulling out of the private sector.

Certainly, government needs *something*. But at this point, with spending at $1.7 trillion, or 18 percent of GDP, it is safe to say that every marginal dollar the government lays out would be better kept in a citizen's pocket—and then, one hopes, invested in this booming economy.

What about simply reducing the debt? We're already doing that, but it is a process that has little political appeal. And think of it this way: to repay the debt, on which the feds pay interest of about 6 percent, Washington is sucking money out of the private sector, which could put the same dollars to work in new and expanded businesses with a return of about 10 percent. Seems like a bad bargain.

The surplus demands a cure. That cure can only be to reduce the flow of dollars to Washington. In other words, we need a tax cut—broad, deep, comprehensive. The cut would be most effective if it encouraged investment rather than consumption. Thus, the easiest and most productive solution is to transform the income tax into a consumption tax by providing unlimited deductions for income that's saved rather than spent. That's also the road to a flat tax, where income is taxed only once.

But the surplus has to end—and soon. As the money pours in, the crisis gets worse.

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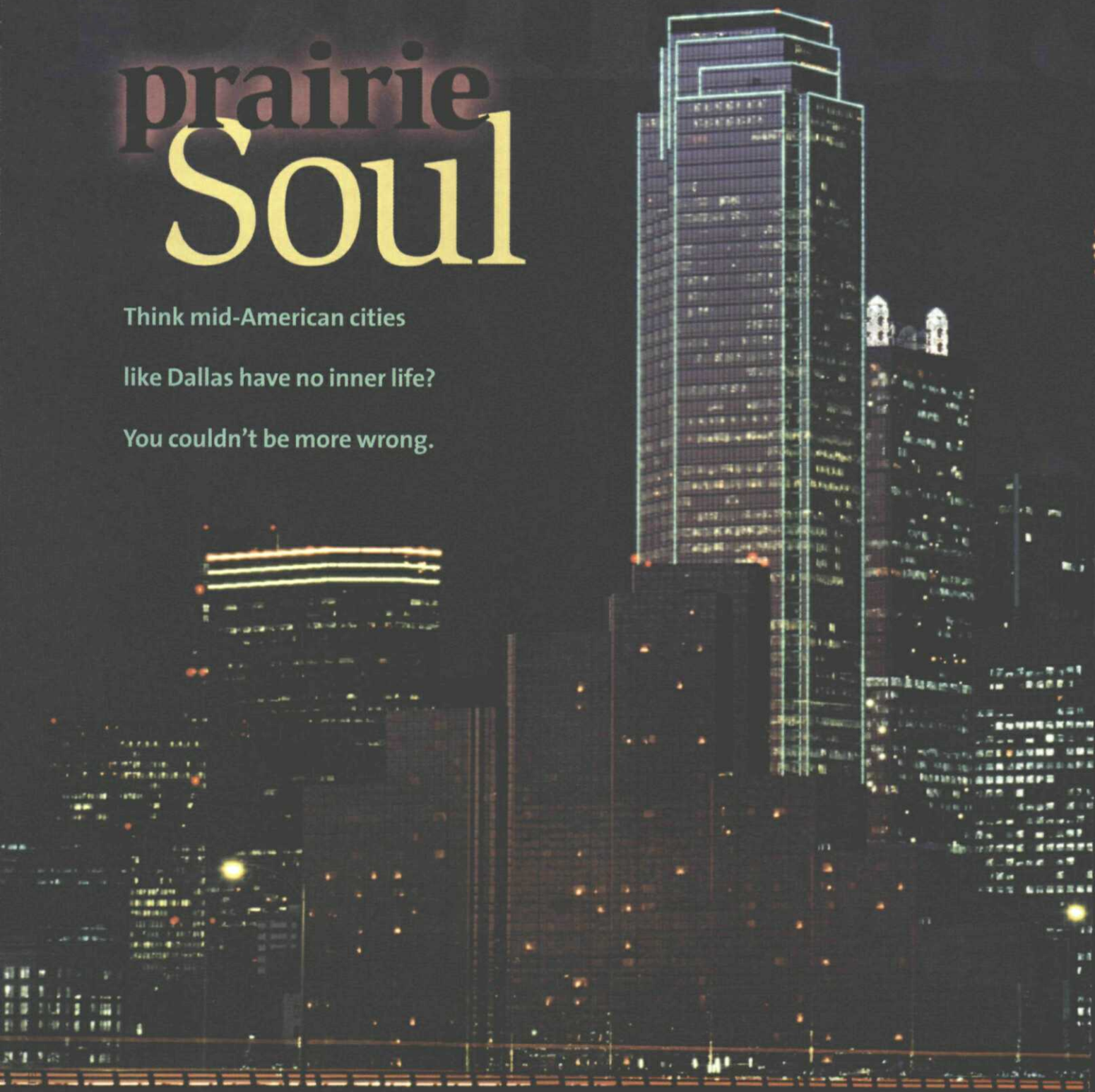
BY FREDERICK TURNER

prairie Soul

Think mid-American cities

like Dallas have no inner life?

You couldn't be more wrong.



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In my travels I often find myself having the following conversation:

New Acquaintance: *So, where do you live?*

Me: Dallas.

New Acquaintance: (Pause) What brought you to Dallas?

Me: Ummmm.... And then I must either make a quip ("Just lucky, I guess") to get me out of the responsibility of a sensible answer, or launch into a comprehensive reframing of the whole issue of where one lives.

The subtext of my interlocutor's question is quite complicated. In one sense, it is rather flattering, from the New Acquaintance's point of view: "I'd have thought you could have had your choice of where you wanted to live"—but it also has a tinge of "Not quite successful enough to live in New York/San Francisco/ London/Santa Fe/Seattle, huh?"—or even "Boy, you must have really blotted your copybook to be stuck in Dallas—what did you do?"

Saddest of all is when the question comes not from a Parisian or New Yorker or Londoner but from a Dallasite, in which case there's a further subtext: "So, we failures have got to stick together." True, it is only a certain class of alienated (and usually liberal) Dallasites who will ask the question in that way. There are far more fiercely loyal partisans of the Big D, among whom, in a way, I count myself. But this essay is not going to be the standard praise of such things as the superb acoustics of the Meyerson Auditorium, the Frank Lloyd Wright-designed Theater Center, the fine Dallas Museum of Art, the excellent and reasonably priced restaurants, the historic districts, the glorious spring and fall, the dazzling postmodern glass architecture of Fountains Plaza and the downtown in general.

Nor will it even be directly about the vibrant dynamism of Dallas's economy, the practically zero rate of unemployment, the powerhouse new technology of the North Dallas Telecom Corridor, the world-class shopping, the fact that average disposable income is the highest in the nation, the city's role as the unsung capital of NAFTA. Nor, again, the international pre-eminence of the Dallas-Ft. Worth airports, the eight universities within orbit, the cowtown charm and cultural brilliance of our neighbor, Ft. Worth, the Nobel Prize-winning faculty of the Southwest Health Science Center, the mushrooming population, the cultural energy of its many large (and for the most part relatively amicable) ethnic minorities.

Quite a few cities (Atlanta, Denver, Seattle) can make similar Chamber of Commerce or Tourist Board boasts. And indeed the established giants—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—are begin-

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ning to see their lunches being eaten by the new-tech upstarts. They are rightly threatened by the wave of major corporate relocations to the sunbelt and the former Empty Quarter.

But this would only be an argument for Dallas as a place to work, not a place to live. After all, Dallas has no mountains, no ocean, no forests, no river to speak of, very little history (and some of it gruesome), almost no literary publishing industry, and a climate that tops 100 degrees for several weeks during the summer; and it is at least a day's car journey to anyplace that would count as a major tourist attraction. Everything that would make Dallas a good place to live has had to be imported and paid for, or invented *in situ*. And this, in fact, is the beginning of an answer to my solicitous New Acquaintance.

Dallas exhibits a deep intellectual adventurousness and preparedness for new ideas. Both are phenomena that come from freedom—political, economic, spiritual.

For to our doleful little list of things Dallas doesn't have, one can add a number of moral evils that are strangely lacking or scarce in my city. Dallas has very little of the corrosive envy that poisons the air of New York (I except a few academics who would like to escape to a more left-wing environment). If you live in New York and do not leave it, you can have no idea of the amazing liberation and lightness of being you feel when you get out of its culture of envy, that dark miasma of resentment that creeps across the upper East and West Sides and the Village on an autumn day. Dallas is also remarkably free of the snobbery that paralyzes Boston, and the class hatreds of London. It lacks the totalitarian liberal guilt of politically correct Berkeley, Ann Arbor, New Haven, Madison, and Hollywood, and the kneejerk partisan paranoia of Washington, D.C. Above all, Dallas possesses none of the subtle and pervasive sense of cultural despair that one finds in almost every Northern and Eastern city (a Texan often feels in New York as if he were made of a denser reality than the waterish stuff around him, as if he could put his hand, like Superman, through the walls)—a feeling of despair one even encounters, in a different form, in the far West. That sense of cultural despair I have privately christened the "Casablanca syndrome"—everything has been going to the dogs since Bogey said goodbye to Ingrid by the airplane, and real civilization won't return until we get back Paris, Gauloises, leftist political integrity, trenchcoats, abstract art, proper coffee, classy novelistic adultery in the afternoon, jazz, Hemingway, and protest poetry.

Underneath this attitude is a deep hatred of business and technology, a convulsive rejection of the future, and a perpetual adolescent desire to escape responsibility. Though Dallas does have its own small share of this, for the most part Dallas is a city of hope—or as David Byrne of the Talking Heads put it in *True Stories*, his remarkable movie about Dallas, Dallas is the city of dreams. People are inventing and living their own Casablanca here, and don't need to resurrect the old one.

Dallas deeply irks those observers who cannot shake off their distaste for capitalist America as it flourishes here. They seize on what they can—the alleged suicidal alienation of suburban Dallas life, for instance—and have made Plano, a northern suburb of the city, almost a watchword for anomie and cultural vacuum. But such people are generally academics or journalists, whose own culture often cuts them off from the six great sources of human community in the suburbs—family, religion, sport, school, charitable activities, and local popular discussion groups such as historical and philosophical societies, garden clubs, and the like, which they tend to consider beneath their attention. I myself discovered Little League, which combines family with sport, through being dragged into that community by my son. Baptist and Catholic churches are vast hives of social and charitable activity, as are the elaborate paraphernalia of Texas's major religion, football, with its bands, cheerleader fund drives, local rivalries, and so on. Weddings, funerals, and christenings, often avoided by liberal intellectuals, are deep sources of community.

But these communities are not physically localized. Traditional city planners, who love the old idea of the neighborhood, cannot get their heads around the strange geographical superimposition of virtual neighborhoods that operates here—neighborhoods about 400 square miles in extent, connected closely by car, cell phone, e-mail, and local TV, radio, and press, densely overlapping like a palimpsest. My neighborhoods include several local intellectual and literary salons, my karate group, the Dallas Institute (of which more later), the Isthmus Institute for science and religion, my wife's musical, culinary, and linguistic connections, my church, the Jung Society, and sundry artistic and architectural communities. Strangers cannot see these communities going on in the street, and thus there is a huge discrepancy between the views taken of Dallas as a place to live by dwellers here and by outside critics of it.

Why this should be so is connected to the more general issue that we began with, which is why one lives anywhere. And we cannot answer this question until we have at least encountered a more fundamental issue still, which is: What makes us happy?

What makes us happy and what we believe makes us happy are two different things. There are things we have, even things a place gives us, that make up the meaningful substance of our lives, and that silently and invisibly make us happy. Silently and invisibly, because for the most part we take them for granted, transferring their felt benefit to the second category, what we believe makes us happy. Human as we are, unless we are very wise indeed, the things we believe make us happy are the things we want but do not have, the things that we want because other people seem to want them in order to be happy, the things already in the possession of other people who want to persuade us to believe that those things make them happy (so that they in turn can believe that they are happy).

In this second category, of what we believe will make us happy, Dallas is at a distinct disadvantage. People do not gleefully send postcards of Dallas to their friends while visiting here. Real estate is cheap here partly because it is difficult to advertise. There is indeed plenty of money in Dallas, which many people desire, but that money is sometimes a persuasion to buy a ticket to someplace else and consume the things available there that we believe will make us happy. (I do not except myself from this shared illusion: One of the things I like about Dallas is that it is

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only about one and a half hours by plane away from the Yucatan Caribbean and its Mayan ruins, which I adore.) But careful thought can dispel the fantasy for a few minutes of clarity.

For Dallas is full of the things that really can make one happy. The problem in describing them is that by their very nature they are private things, personal to each individual's own way of being happy—which can indeed be enabled and deepened by a place, but cannot be so easily turned into an exchangeable commodity. Not that I am decrying exchangeable commodities—it would be very unDallas to do so. Easy exchange of goods, money, services, ideas, desires, and ideals is one of the elements of Dallas that enables true happiness. But Dallas lacks the tangible assets—a seafront, a benign climate, a magnificent historical ruin—that other cities have available to turn into impersonal desires.

To give this point some form, I must recount some particulars of my own sources of real happiness in Dallas.

First, Dallas is, for me, a city of great conversations. Perhaps because people can really do effective work here, my partners in conversation are effective people, people who have made and are making a difference to this city. They are thus not threatened by the possibility that they have not justified their existence, and are more likely to welcome a new idea for its usefulness than put up defenses against it as a threat to their prized sinecures. There are no prized sinecures here, because most people outside Dallas believe they'd be happier elsewhere than Dallas, an opinion that drives down the public value of a position in this city. But the advantage is that people here can't afford, and don't need, diehard intellectual positions. They have little investment in liberal ideas of morality or postmodern theories of art or political correctness or command economics, because their positions don't stand or fall by their ideological respectability or the art market or the local academic consensus or the continuous refilling of the public trough. There is a notable absence of conventional thinking. As a result, the conversations here are marvelous.

I can remember a delicious night talk around a granite boulder in the garden of a friend, a boulder which had been ingeniously piped so as to emit a beautiful fountain of burning natural gas. The talk was about poetry and the history of the universe. And then there was the Zoroastrian New Year celebration in the house of a Persian friend (people who call themselves Persians rather than Iranians tend to cock a snook at the mullahs, hanker after the Shah, and love the poetry of Hafez). And the grand dinners at the Montaigne club, whose patron is a charismatic, rakish society gambler and devotée of Michel de Montaigne named James Leake. And then too there are the cranky, logical, and endlessly interesting arguments at the Dallas Philosophical Society, which meets, true to its egalitarian principles, in a reserved area of Luby's Restaurant and eats rubber chicken and gravy while it debates the possibility of artificial intelligence emerging in the massive parallelism of the Internet. By contrast there was the rather wild high-society dinner to raise money for the preservation of Charleston, the English home of the Bloomsbury Group, at which oilmen were auctioned off by the wives of bankers to be the love-slaves of the wives of computer moguls—the Dallas aristocracy at its best, "cutting up" somewhat—the ladies svelte and blonde, dressed with remarkable elegance in Dallas Red, with Big Hair and Big Teeth and Big Décolletage, the gentlemen squat and uncomfortable in their suits, with loosened ties and Texas idioms.

I could not leave out my brain-gasping participation in the ongoing dialogue on relativistic cosmological topology with the brilliant math-physics group at The University of Texas at Dallas. Nor the St. Valentine's dinner at the house of a Texaco heir, at which poets moved from table to flower-heaped table reading love poetry from Sappho, Shakespeare, and Keats. Nor the conversation at the house of Michael Osbaldeston when he unveiled his colossal statue of a titaness. Nor the continuing brilliance of my friend and colleague Alex Argyros on time and evolution, nor the bibulous evenings with the performance art genius Fred Curchack, the musical maestro Robert X. Rodriguez, and the fine short-story writer Robert Nelsen. Nor my 14-year series of lunches with the author and neurologist Pat Howell, and our continuing attempt to understand the nature of the soul. Indeed, the soul is the topic of many of Dallas's conversations, even one-sided ones like Monsignor Don Fischer's deeply transformative radio homilies on the spiritual life.

Dallas has the liveliest literary scene that I have found in any American city. In the last few years there has been an upsurge of local talent, especially in poetry, and a real growth in its audience. Readings at the various bookstores, and poetry slams at Club Clearview in Dallas's Soho-style Deep Ellum, are crowded and even raucous. Several literary societies as well as the Dallas Public Library sponsor exciting and well-attended programs. Wordspace is presided over by the poet Robert Trammell, part ancient cowboy, part scholar-mystic, part city complainer, the poet laureate of Dallas. The excellent poetic underground theater group, which performs literally under the ground at the Undermain Theater, has sparked literary energy by mounting the works of local poets and playwrights, as has the fine Kitchen Dog Theater. But the point I want to emphasize is the almost preternatural amity of the literary community. In poetry, for instance, differences that in other cities result in bitter and ancient feuds, internecine sabotage, a generally hostile atmosphere in literary gatherings, and a distinct alienation of the public—differences such as that between free-verse and formal poets, hippies and academics, amateurs and professionals, slam poets and slim-volume aesthetes, rich and poor writers, old and young ones, the published and the unpublished—these differences scarcely ruffle the general sense of warm appreciation for each other's work. This may be partly the result of not having much of a literary publishing industry to quarrel over, but I think it has quite as much to do with the nature of Dallas's soul.

Best of all, perhaps, have been the many years of work with Zsuzsanna Ozsváth, Holocaust survivor, ex-concert pianist, and literary scholar, translating the incredibly rich heritage of Hungarian poetry. This work is like the most delightful form of play: If the angel of God were to show up during our translation sessions with an invitation to Paradise, I think we would both, respectfully, ask him to wait and come back in an hour or so when we would be finished. No snowcapped mountain or Norman cathedral or national capital could have so fed my soul.

For if Dallas is the "city of" anything, it is, oddly enough, the city of soul. The "soul movement," as it has been dubbed by the literary press, was created by a group of philosophical and psychological thinkers, including James Hillman, Thomas Moore, Robert Romanyshyn, Robert Sardello, Bernd Jager, Don and Louise Cowan, Gail Thomas, and others, who met and evolved their key ideas in Dallas. So the city of J.R. and the Texas Book

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Depository—from which Kennedy was shot—is also the place from which came a new call to inwardness and spirituality, a new concern for the moral life.

The Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture is an excellent example of the best of Dallas. It is an institution I have never found the like of anywhere else, which inhabits a fine rambling old house in the center of the city, surrounded by trees. It has had a hand in the imaginative plans for the next hundred years of city development and architecture, including new lakes, long winding greenbelts, fine boulevards and the ambitious Dallas Area Rapid Transit system. It created the "Teaching the Teachers" program, which gives fellowships to Dallas's high school teachers so that they can take an intensive—and very enjoyable—course in the traditions of epic, tragedy, and comedy during the summer, and thus renew their vocations (this program has now been extended to school principals); it sponsors an annual "What makes a city?" conference and retreat; and it is one of the chief venues where the intellectual, artistic, and spiritual elites of the city can interact with the magnates of politics, money, and the legal system. Typically for Dallas, there is no stigma attached by the intellectuals to the magnates, nor do the magnates condescend to their poor-relation artistic or academic comrades. The Dallas Institute was the home and birthplace of the soul movement.

The Dallas soul is not just a matter of a certain capacity for change of heart, an ability to open oneself to the mysterious in the world. It also includes a deep intellectual adventurousness and preparedness for new ideas. Both are phenomena that come from freedom—political, economic, spiritual—a kind of prairie nakedness to the wind, an exposure to the brilliant sunlight of these latitudes. Dallas's mixture of libertarian enterprise, conservative individual responsibility, and Texas frontier robustness leads to an atmosphere of positive toleration that keeps the heart open and the mind flowing. If readers of *The American Enterprise* who live in heavily liberal, statist, and left-wing parts of the country sometimes wonder what it would be like to live in a generous conservative regime of intellectual freedom, Dallas is a good example. Perhaps that is why so many energetic, optimistic, and original people choose to come here.

Perhaps it is also why, strangely, one does not have to watch one's mouth in this city. This is not to say that racist vileness or belittling misogyny is tolerated, any more than it is anywhere else that is civilized. Rather, the motivations for such decency are Texan courtesy, religious humility, and a sense that we are all on this sunbaked prairie together and had better respect each other's work. Perhaps there is the caution of a gun-toting cultural tradition, in which politeness was, within living memory, a survival trait. Black cowboys and frontier wives were often as handy with a shooting iron as anyone else, and did not need to take nonsense from anybody. Dallas's much hated and much loved black county commissioner, John Wiley Price, a notorious demagogue and leader of the radical wing of the black voting bloc, has—to his credit as far as I am concerned—been jailed for decking people he judged to be insulting him racially. I had an elderly graduate student, a genuine Texas lady, who when her husband of many years traded her in for a cute younger model, did not take it lying down either. She plugged the offending ex-spouse with her little Raven semi-automatic before, tragically, turning the weapon on herself. Not that one condones such behavior, but it has a certain panache to it that is indicative of an older style of western liberty. The motivations of Dallas courtesy, significantly, are not those one sometimes finds further north and east: P.C. mind control, liberal self-contempt, left-wing conformism, a sort of slimy timidity, and paranoia about the possible presence of informers. The key difference is that any opinion, if sincerely held and rationally defended—however bizarre and off the beaten track—is given a respectful hearing in Dallas.

Splendid as they are, the public achievements of Dallas—the art galleries with their refreshing unconcern for New York fashion, the Bach Society baroque concerts, the McKinney Avenue Contemporary Gallery—are not unmatched in other cities. Perhaps it is the private achievements, the string quartets in people's homes, the amazing private collections of art, the intensity of intellectual and spiritual life when allowed to take its own way—Dallas's cultural free enterprise—that make the city so livable.

If readers of *The American Enterprise* sometimes wonder what it would be like to live in a generous conservative regime of intellectual freedom, Dallas is a good example.

But these qualities, alas, are not such that one can easily pick them up in a visit, and they are not saleable. One just has to live here.

AND COULD IT BE
(in a Dallas suburb)

And could it be
This green suburban patio
That opens to a tree
Crippled with mistletoe—
Whose trellis bright with vine,
Where the doves nest yet,
Wisteria and jessamine—
Were heaven's alphabet?
And what if I
After these years of seeking,
This mad incessant odyssey
Into the world's innermost speaking,
After the to and fro,
Telling the world what I myself scarcely believed,
Seeking to sing the world into what I would know,
Were all the time deceived,
And the answer lay here below?
What if this patio
Were all the portal we
Could ever need to know?
What if the tree
Were withered so
That what will be and what will never be
Might both have space to grow?
Where the doves nest yet
In this suburban patio,
May then be all the sign we get
Of heaven's great green archipelago.

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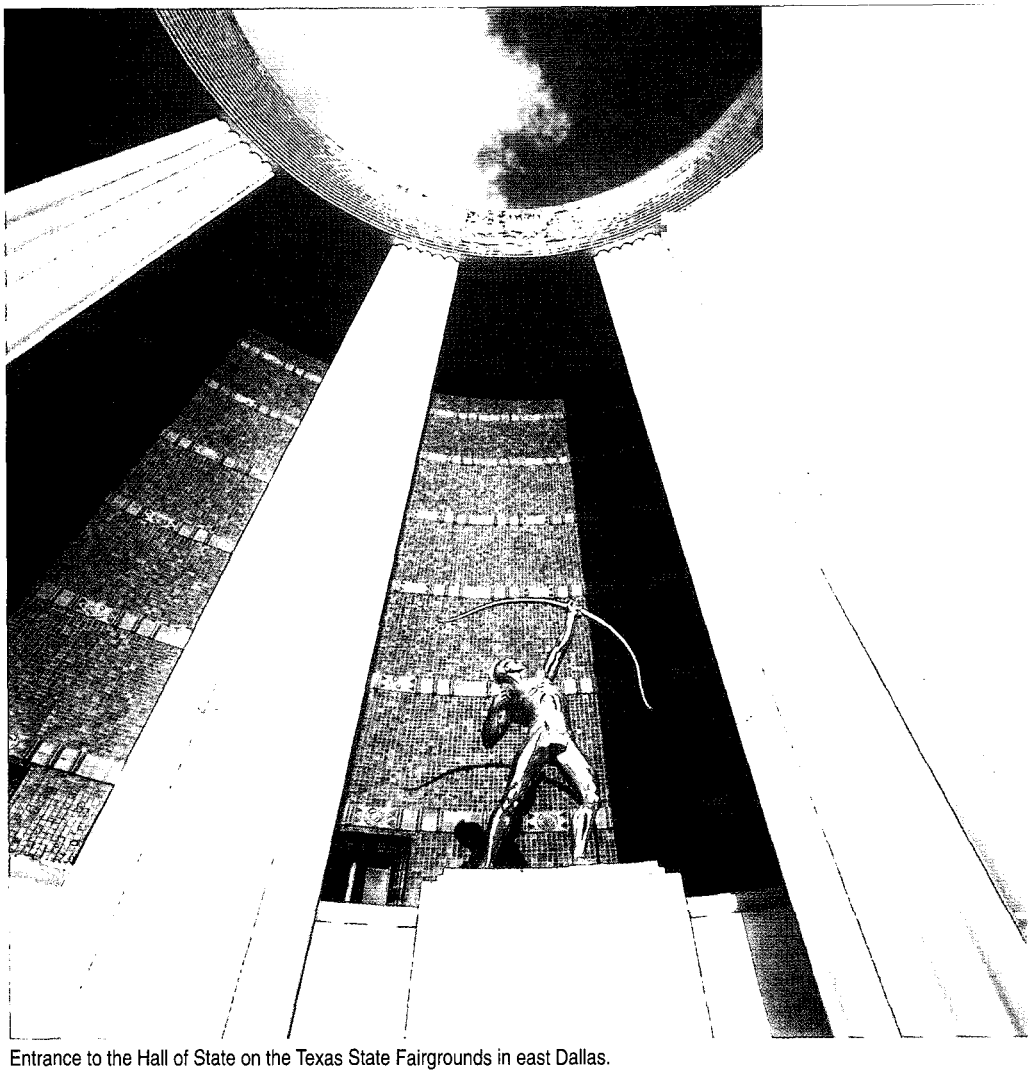
BY JOEL KOTKIN

Capital capitalism

The making of a great modern economy



Carolyn Brown

Entrance to the Hall of State on the Texas State Fairgrounds in east Dallas.

With a population now larger than that of 30 entire states, the Dallas area enters the twenty-first century experiencing some of the highest rates of economic expansion in the nation. In fact, high-technology industry is now growing far faster in the Dallas-Fort Worth metroplex than it is even in Silicon Valley. And this growth is happening on an already massive base: The local high-tech sector is roughly three times as big as in much-ballyhooed Austin, Dell Computer's home 200 miles south. In job creation and income growth, Dallas is now one of America's stars. Indeed, it has done something hardly any other cities can claim: It has grown faster than its hinterland. Since 1980, the metro area has produced jobs almost 50 percent faster than Texas as a whole, which itself enjoys some extremely robust growth rates.

So why is Dallas so often overlooked by a media that froths over Austin or New York City's so-called Silicon Alley? In part, because Dallas lacks the accoutrements that East and West Coast media elites think are essential for information-age success—like tony universities, a liberal culture, or an attractive natural setting. Dallas is simply too prairie, too blunt and ambitious, too middle American to fit their biases of what makes a great city.

Dallas also possesses one other critical quality that few members of the media establishment identify with: a powerful, extremely aggressive business culture. At each stage of its development, the primary impetus for growth in Dallas has come not from outsiders like New York bankers or Silicon Valley venture capitalists, but from local folks captivated by the restless, sometimes relentless entrepreneurial spirit that seems indigenous to the community.

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This is not, as some outsiders imagine, a city of rubes who succeed because their locale is cheaper than other places, or because their congressmen wrangle them defense jobs through the D.C. pipeline. In truth, the Dallas area boasts a higher percentage of information-technology workers in its overall labor force than such recognized high-tech centers as greater Boston, Minneapolis, and Denver.

Dallasites, notes developer Bob Petrucello, may seem laid back, even a bit slow. But those drawls are dangerously deceiving. "This is a very sophisticated place," the Brooklyn native says while walking down a crowded street on the city's west side. "There's just this tremendous 'can do' spirit here. You are judged on your character, and capable people can have a real effect."

As high-tech firms have flocked to Dallas-Ft. Worth, they've forged the second-most-concentrated technopolis in the nation, behind only Silicon Valley.

Tramping through the weeds not far from his Dallas home, Brady Wood puts on his best good ol' boy accent. "We were walkin' right along, huntin' for some food, when up from the ground come a bubblin' crude" the Louisiana native half-sings to the tune of the "Beverly Hillbillies." With a wry grin, his accent softening to something more sophisticated if still definitively southern, Wood points to some low posts strung with cables that are sprouting along a railbed. "Look here," he says. "Those are MCI and Sprint lines running right through." Main trunks. Enough capacity to pop any computer weenie's eyes out.

Like many developers, speculators, and assorted dreamers around Deep Ellum—the hip district east of downtown Dallas where he operates—the 32-year-old Wood has big plans. And they're linked to those high-capacity telecom lines. On eight acres surrounding the desolate plot we're walking, Wood has plans to convert a deserted metal foundry into 41,000 square feet of fashionable high-tech office space. And he has lots of company. In a broad area surrounding the city's central core, a host of developers are eyeing virtually every deserted warehouse, abandoned factory, or empty piece of ground as if they hide untapped oil pockets.

Most of these real estate players are business products of Dallas's past two decades, with no connections to older banking, agricultural, or petroleum wealth. Wood makes his living from nightclubs and restaurants. One of his prime competitors is a 40-year-old named Jeff Swaney. While working for Hewlett-Packard, Swaney befriended another techie named Mark Cuban. It was the late 1980s and, trolling for fun, Swaney and Cuban started hanging out in a funky part of town east of downtown called Deep Ellum. A "wild, crazy place" that was once a center of black clubs and businesses in the 1930s, the neighborhood was now inhabited by denizens of Dallas underground culture—artists, bikers, musicians, as well as the city's largest homeless contingent.

Attracted by the eclectic atmosphere, Swaney decided to give up the corporate life and stay in Deep Ellum. "I wasn't cut out for the computer business," he recalls over coffee. So he co-founded Club Clearview, the first of the Deep Ellum nightclubs. By the late 1980s, Clearview was gaining fame in a surrounding bastion of edgy stores, clubs, and restaurants.

But something more than entertainment was happening in Deep Ellum. Swaney's old friend Mark Cuban approached him and his partner for help in locating 1,400 square feet for a telecommunications start-up. The key requirement was space for a basketball court, reflecting a passion that—a decade later—would result in Cuban buying the local NBA franchise, the Dallas Mavericks.

Cuban's start-up, which later became Broadcast.com, quickly evolved into the hottest internet firm in Dallas. After it went public in 1998, tales of former waitresses and guitarists making millions on the deal turned the entertainment district into a high-tech hub. Soon dozens of other Web, media, and advertising firms rushed in, taking what had been virtually worthless real estate and transforming it into million-dollar properties. Over a dozen new internet firms have relocated into the district, often from suburban locations, over the past year.

This produced mega-profits for Deep Ellum speculators like Swaney, who now leases 122,000 square feet to his old friend. Having moved a long way from their shaggy roots, these property moguls are, predictably enough, now opening art galleries, worrying about the "character" of the district, and cleaning up problem spots.

But their main obsession remains an old Dallas passion—adding zeros to deals. The new digits are accumulating thanks to the entrance of large players like Westdale Asset Management (a nationwide owner of apartment complexes that now owns about 15 percent of Deep Ellum), and former EDS boss Mort Meyerson (a longtime Ross Perot lieutenant who is now partnering with, of all people, the cut-off-jeans-wearing Jeff Swaney on a 125,000 square foot project just up the road from Brady Wood's proposed development). Space that was selling for $5 a square foot not long ago is now going for three times that—not exactly Manhattan or San Francisco prices, but enough to give a guy like Jeff Swaney visions of moguldom. "What I am trying to do is perfect low-cost cool development," Swaney explains. "All my life I've done a lot of little stuff. Now I want to take it to the next level."

Swaney's passion for getting to the "next level" epitomizes the kind of primal drive that has powered Dallas since long before its emergence as a global city of the first rank. Because there's little else to recommend the region as a site for greatness, sheer human spirit has always been critical here. In 1949, *Fortune*'s Holland McCombs described the city as a "monument to sheer determination." Its origins in the 1840s were as a small trading post on the Trinity River, a trickling snake with no navigable connection to any large body of water. This was no Manhattan Island, San Francisco Bay, or other great natural site begging to be developed.

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At least the surrounding land was relatively fertile, so the trading post eventually grew into a thriving agricultural community. The cotton farmers especially did well. They were joined by French merchants arriving from New Orleans, part of the La Réunion cooperative. These skilled immigrants and other newcomers, including a sizable Jewish population, expanded the commercial backbone of the young community. A supply center for the South during the Civil War, Dallas (then a city of 2,000) was lucky to be too far off the beaten path to feel the flames of Union reconquest. Indeed, after the war, the city served as a favored destination for Confederates fleeing devastation elsewhere. The city prospered, and by the 1880s the settlement emerged as the demographic and business center of north Texas.

Early Dallas was a rough and ready town, with outlaws, bad men, and bad women—like the infamous gunfighter John B. "Doc" Holliday, the madam Belle Starr, and train robber Sam Bass. Like their Deep Ellum heirs today, these Dallasites also liked to have fun. In 1880, the city of 10,000 boasted more than 50 saloons.

But there was a more serious side to Dallas—driven by a rising, largely Protestant, and mostly dry, business elite. Real estate and other interests promoted the extension of railroads into the city, turning Dallas into the region's primary hub. By the 1920s the city's powerful Citizens Association was putting in a set of progressive changes, including reformed city administration, welfare, and zoning. It also waged a battle against the Ku Klux Klan. As historian Patricia Evridge Hill noted, it was perceived that "the Klan's presence deterred growth."

The push against the Klan was encouraged by Jews, who had long been important players at the highest levels of Dallas society. Locally Jewish owned Neiman Marcus was not just a store but a talisman of fashion, and an expression of Dallas as a city of sophistication and taste. As *Fortune* noted in the 1930s, Dallas women saw Neiman Marcus "not simply as a place where they bought dresses, but as a place where they learned about clothes."

Later, the mantle of leadership in Dallas would fall on the Citizens Council, a more educated elite, many of whom attended schools such as Southern Methodist, Texas A&M, and the University of Texas. They fought for growth and modernization, although relatively little of that progress bubbled over to the large African-American and Latino populations. Yet the kind of racial strife that decimated other cities, north and south, for the most part skirted Dallas. Largely, because it was bad for business.

Dallas natives still recall theirs as a city of cozy deals struck between an elite set of lawyers, bankers, oilmen, and developers. In those days, people met around downtown buildings like the Kirby or ate lunch together at Neiman Marcus's Zodiac Room to work out arrangements. "It was a community where people lived to do business," recalls attorney Reggie Graham, whose father was one of the prime wheeler-dealers. "You would come to lunch and someone would have a good deal. It could be oil, real estate, banking. You just got the best deal you could."

This comfortable world began to collapse in the 1980s, the result of the drop in oil prices and the savings and loan debacle. A wide cross-section of the old elite—notably banks and some developers—disappeared as if swept away by a howling tornado. Downtown in particular was left in ruins, with vacancy rates hitting close to 30 percent. As factories and car dealerships closed, places like Deep Ellum became crime-ridden and crowded with homeless people.

"The dynamics of the city changed," recalls developer Petrucello. "There was no real estate recession—it was a depression. The oversupply of space was ridiculous. It was like a neutron bomb; it killed the people and left the buildings standing."

Dallas's apocalypse turned out to be short-lived. By the late 1980s and early 1990s a new set of business leaders emerged, including national figures like Ross Perot and Mort Meyerson, Southwest Airlines founder Herb Kelleher, and scores of others, including opportunistic newcomers such as Petrucello. At the same time, the new leadership opened its door to traditionally ignored players, like the city's current black mayor, Ron Kirk.

Entrepreneurial aggressiveness and a central location within NAFTA are Dallas strengths.

But if the political face changed, the basic agenda did not. After all, government was not the business of Dallas; making money was. Growth remained the top priority and those projects that needed federal funds, such as the development of I-35, tended to get attention. Serving as the main conduit between the American industrial heartland and Mexico's northern manufacturing centers, the building of I-35 also played to another longtime Dallas concern: shedding a detested "middle of nowhere" image.

But the main thrust was not establishing new land routes, but rather establishing pre-eminence in the new dominant transportation form: air travel. After the collapse of the city's banking and energy sectors in the early '80s, the city's elite recognized that Dallas's future lay largely in two areas, high technology and serving as a logistics center. These were sectors

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that, they reckoned correctly, would last for the long-term and be less dependent on the business cycle than the energy or property markets.

John Kasarda, director of the Kenan Institute of Private Enterprise at the University of North Carolina, describes the Dallas-Fort Worth area as a classic example of a twenty-first century "aerotropolis." Like the seaport, river and canal, train, and highway systems before them, air travel networks, particularly for cargo, are now the leading logistical factor behind urban growth. Already, 40 percent of the value of world trade goes by air, and the percentage is rising.

As shipping speed becomes more important to success in business, cities with large, well-developed air cargo systems have a unique advantage. This is particularly true with the rise of e-commerce: 70 percent of e-commerce sales depend on express delivery. "It's the blue-collar logistics part that is increasingly critical," suggests Kasarda. "The Web can't move a box."

The Dallas region's central location is critical here. It lies in the geographic heart of four critical primary trading centers: Los Angeles, New York, Toronto, and Mexico City are roughly equidistant. Low business taxes and low land costs have made warehousing and other activities cheaper than in competing commercial centers such as Atlanta, Los Angeles, Memphis, or Chicago. This locational advantage—along with other low taxes, a modest cost of living, and a generally pro-business climate—has attracted many large firms, including one of the country's largest concentrations of *Fortune* 500 headquarters.

What has really made Dallas a global hub has been the willingness of the region's leadership to invest in air facilities. The area boasts three critical airports: the massive Dallas-Fort Worth International, which ranks with Chicago as one of the nation's busiest air centers; the convenient downtown Love Field; and the Perot-financed Alliance Airport, which is the world's largest strictly industrial airport.

These hubs have done for Dallas what in the past rivers, oceans, and lakes accomplished for other cities. The Dallas aerotropolis has sparked a vast expansion of industrial and warehouse space, like the new million-square-foot facility being built for Mattel. This has helped propel an explosion in blue-collar jobs: Since the depression of the early 1980s, the region has added nearly 300,000 distribution and manufacturing positions. Dallas's emergence as an aerotropolis has had many other spill-over effects as well. The city's trade facilities—such as Market Center, the world's largest merchandise mart—are major economic drivers; the Center attracted buyers and vendors in 1999 from all 50 states and 84 countries, who purchased 300,000 airline tickets and filled 720,000 hotel rooms while conducting $7.5 billion in wholesale sales.

But the true heart of the twenty-first century Dallas economy lies not so much in trade as in the intersection of the aerotropolis with a bracing high-technology economy. High-tech, more than any industry, is airport-sensitive. Most high-tech goods are shipped by air, and high-tech workers themselves are more likely than a normal workforce to travel by air—60 to 400 percent likelier, according to UNC's Kasarda.

Dallas's central location and entrepreneurial aggressiveness have helped transform the city into a key high-tech center. The massive Infomart, just north of the central city, is home to more than 100 high-tech firms, and hosts hundreds of trade shows annually. It is without parallel, world wide, as a year-round center for face-to-face technology meetings. As chip, telecom, and other high-tech firms have flocked to Dallas, they have forged the second-most-concentrated large technopolis in the nation, behind only Silicon Valley. The region accounts for over 40 percent of Texas high-technology jobs, and nearly half the state's high-tech revenue.

One of America's most potent metro areas is now developing a real city in its downtown core.

In some ways, Dallas's high-tech origins parallel those of its two keen California rivals, Silicon Valley and Los Angeles. As in Silicon Valley, north Texas developed a major semiconductor industry, with the key pioneering firm, Texas Instruments, spawning hosts of smaller technology firms in its wake. Like Southern California, the Dallas area has long hosted a large aerospace community, which, as the military economy downsized, left skilled workers easily lured to other sectors.

In the race for high-tech dominance, Dallas has some advantages over its California rivals. For one thing, its cost of living is less than half that of Silicon Valley and a quarter cheaper than Los Angeles. Electrical and gas rates are about a third lower. Local travel is easier. Housing is far more available, particularly compared with Silicon Valley.

Rather than being a "new Silicon Valley," Dallas-Ft. Worth is better seen as the model for a new breed of technopolis, more geographically dispersed, with multiple technopoles that are often quite separated from each other. These include the hardware intensive "telecom corridor" along I-75 north of the city, where as many as 600 telecommunications firms are centered on the nerdistans of Richardson and Plano. Like the sprawling Washington, D.C. technopolis, Dallas demonstrates how a sprawling network of firms and communities can operate successfully in the internet era without the close proximity so critical during the early years of the semiconductor industry.

But arguably the most exciting development in Dallas has been the movement of content-oriented companies—increasingly critical to the information revolution—into the city's long-distressed urban center. Over the past year, this phenomena has been reflected in both rental and vacancy rates in Dallas, where the central districts have actually started to outperform—in terms of increased occupancies and rents—the swanky developments on the urban periphery.

What accounts for the change? A shift in the nature of the technology revolution. While the demand for "hard" technology drives growth in engineer-friendly places like north Dallas, Plano, and Richardson, the need for "soft" content favors places

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like Deep Ellum and other neighborhoods that can attract young creative workers, and the web design, advertising, and computer services firms that feed on them.

Starting from a tiny base in Deep Ellum, a raft of new firms linked to emerging technology and the information industry have begun to root in areas around Dallas's central core. These companies constitute the backbone of the emerging "214" technology community—referring to the area code shared by central Dallas and its environs—as opposed to the "972" region of the more established northern suburbs. Over the past year alone, a dozen internet firms have located in 214. "This location is very good," suggests Bret Strauss, whose eight-person firm, Third Stone Productions, has been in the area since 1997. "There's a talent pool. Ours is a young industry, and this is a young part of town."

With a growing population of permanent residents—estimated to reach 10,000 within the next five years—Deep Ellum seems destined to become the Southwest's first true 24/7 area, along the lines of New York's lower Manhattan, San Francisco's South of Market, or Boston's thriving "cyber district." And Deep Ellum is not the only old Dallas neighborhood to feel the growth of new information industries. Just west of downtown, in a tonier area known as the West End, advertising agencies, media, and internet firms have been gobbling up space. The area now has very low vacancies and a spate of new construction.

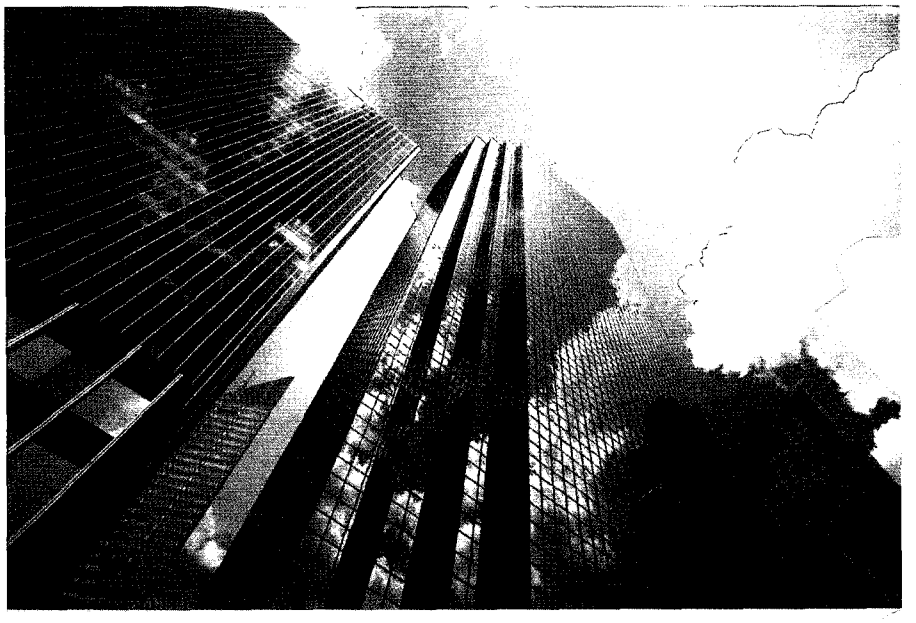
Former New Yorker Petrucello, whose firm, Brook Partners, owns half a million square feet in the area, has seen West End rents almost double over the past four years. But his big focus now lies with a major expansion of the Dallas Infomart, which would bring as much as 800,000 square feet of new tech-oriented office space to the city's somewhat desolate "arts district" located just north of the central core.

Meanwhile, at the east of downtown, between the central business district and Deep Ellum, lies yet another burgeoning new tech area. Known among developers as "Reggie-land," this area, once among the roughest and least regarded in the region, has been almost single-handedly revived by the efforts of lawyer turned developer Reggie Graham, who first started investing in the area, working one building at a time, during the sad later-'80s. Today Reggie-land has blossomed as the home for smaller tech and design-oriented firms. As in the West End and Deep Ellum, this area has also experienced a surge in prices and rents, though still much less than prime "Telecom Corridor" space, and a rise in occupancies. Where tumbleweeds effectively blew just a few years back, new advertising agencies, internet, and media firms are moving in.

The recovery in Dallas's historic core may represent the final stage in the city's evolution into a model metropolis of the new century. With the emergence of a vital central district, the city has the prospect of developing an urbanity that will extend its prodigious growth in hard technology and logistics into softer sectors of the information age economy. Of course, central Dallas is far from competing with Manhattan, San Francisco, or Boston. A considerable amount of lower-rated urban space in parts of the central core remains vacant.

But the successes sketched above have some developers predicting that the downtown core's recovery is inevitable. The area, notes developer Cliff Booth, whose Southwest Properties has purchased most of the block west of Neiman Marcus's flagship downtown store, is clearly rebounding from the devastating real estate depression of the late-1980s, which saw real estate prices fall from $300 a square foot to nearly $10. Today, Booth estimates, the better downtown buildings fetch between $50 and $100.

The real hope is in the rise of a central city population. New apartments and loft conversions have brought in several thousand residents over the past few years. New restaurants are opening in the heart of downtown. "Downtown has to become a lifestyle alternative that's not available elsewhere," says Booth.



A twenty-first century "aerotropolis."

Local developers believe that Dallas's central core will ultimately rebound for the same reasons north Dallas, Deep Ellum, and the broader region have: relatively low costs, a powerful infrastructure of technology and transportation, and a relentless entrepreneurial spirit. This is how Dallas evolves. And how people are finding ways to create a great new city.

"Dallas is just becoming a real place," notes Brady Wood as he walked through the high weeds back to his Deep Ellum loft. "What I find challenging is that in Dallas you can get things solved. You can make a difference here. I think Dallas is cool. Dallas is kicking butt. It affords people a greater opportunity than anywhere I know."

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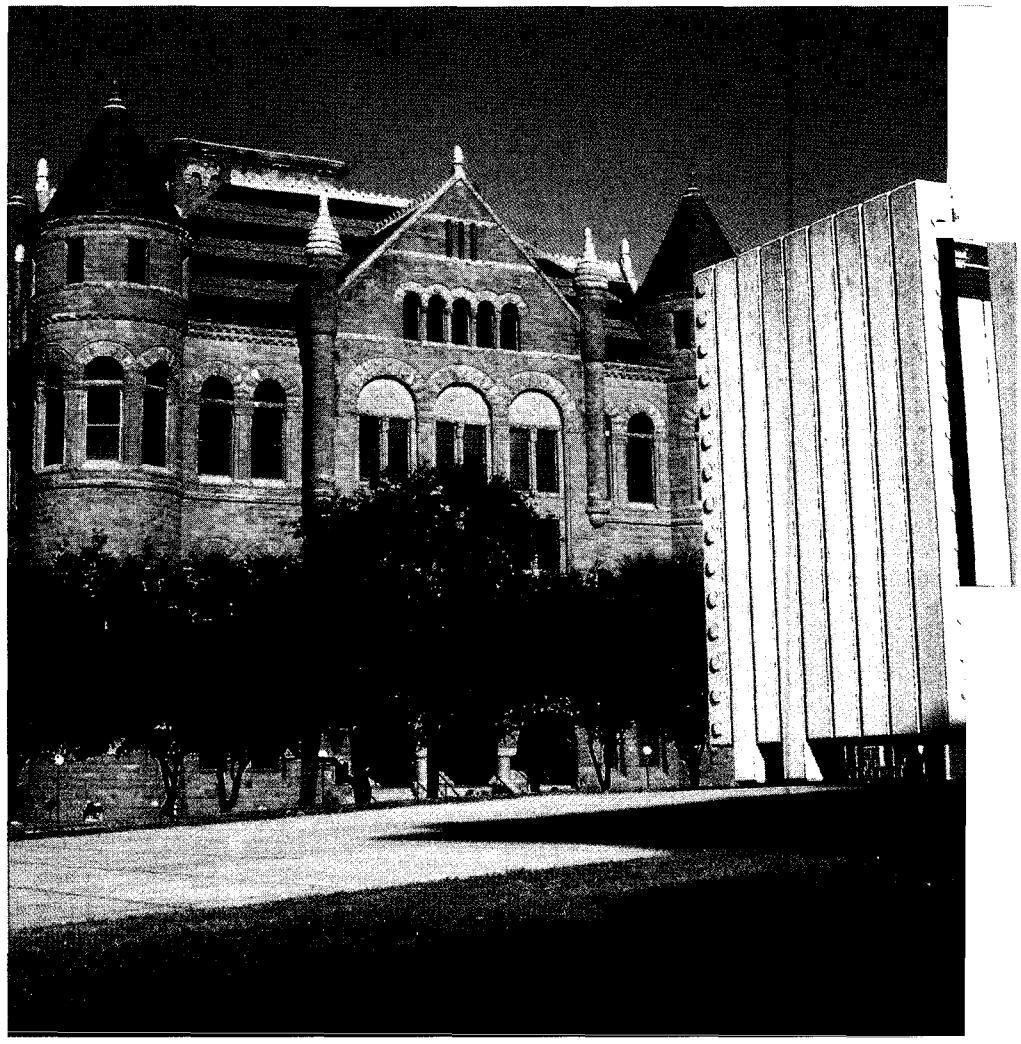
BY BILL KAUFFMAN • • • •

Lost world

A new Dallas replaces the old

"Everything turns on the assassination," says *Dallas Morning News* columnist Bill Murchison. "The city has never recovered from the Kennedy assassination and never will, because it's become something different."

Oswald's rifle shot gave us the New Dallas, a city of I.M. Pei buildings and a Stanley Cup. (Prior to the Stars hockey team, the only ice in town was in the Slurpees at the Dallas-born 7-11.) The old Dallas went to Republican conventions to jeer Rockefellers and Deweys; the new Dallas was recently called home by both members of the 2000 GOP ticket.



Old Dallas County Courthouse (rear), with JFK Memorial (left).

Carolyn Brown

Dallas has been called "man's *yes* to God's *no*." With "no mountains, no lakes, no water, just a flat piece of land with no reason for being," Stanley Marcus (one half of the Nieman Marcus combination) suggested, "the Lord must have created Dallas on Sunday, when he was resting." There's not a drop of oil under Dallas either.

Dallas's only natural resource is human. "These are *dydamic* men!" Mayor Bob Thornton told *Fortune* in 1953, and the malaprop stuck. "Dallas is always changing, always building, nothing's permanent," says Wick Allison, publisher of the glossy *D* magazine. Banker Thornton's motto was "Keep the dirt flying," and grow, grow, grow was the city's cry.

Bob Thornton was a tenant farmer's kid who grew up picking cotton (he boasted he could bag 500 pounds a day). A striver beside whom Horatio Alger's boys seemed languid slackers, Thornton became president of the Dallas County State Bank and later a pivotal mayor of the city. Though he was one of many city fathers to join the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s (when the Klan enjoyed a brief resurgence with a campaign against immigrant Catholics), Thornton was not exactly a lynch-happy nightrider: His board of directors included three Jews.

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In 1937, Thornton founded the Dallas Citizens Council, an unashamed oligarchy of 250 business leaders who more or less ran the city. "We didn't have time for no proxy people," said Thornton. "What we needed was men who could give you boss talk."

The Council and its political arm, the Citizens Charter Association, gave boss talk for 35 years, until they were neutered by a combination of television (in 1971 a TV newsman became the first non-CCA-endorsed mayor in over three decades) and federal judges, who ordered the city to change from at-large council districts, which diluted minority representation, to single-member districts.

The Citizens Council is often credited for the smoothness with which Dallas desegregated in the 1960s, though the initial wave of black students amounted to barely a dozen. A busing plan would later cause most whites to flee city schools.

Wick Allison, for one, laments the "collapse of the business oligarchy" and its replacement by corporate transplants. "They were *owners*," he stresses of the archons of the Citizens Council. "They had a direct interest in the city growing. Over time, the owners have been bought out and replaced with a CEO," and Dallas has experienced a concomitant loss of public-spiritedness.

"They were about 80 or 90 percent sincere," says Bill Murchison of the civic-minded elites of yesteryear, "which ain't bad in human terms."

But in Dallas terms, that was long ago and far away.

Think of Dallas as the John Rocker of 1963. Its Rockerization may be traced to the October 1963 visit of Adlai Stevenson, who was in town to celebrate United Nations Day. Local wags declared "U.S. Day" in Dallas, and Stevenson was booed, bumped, and hit on his glabrous dome by a placard wielded by an especially ardent lady patriot, prompting *Time* to scold "A City Disgraced."

There was some John Birch Society activity in the city, and the infamously strange retired General Edwin Walker (not a Dallasite) briefly set up shop in a Turtle Creek Boulevard home from which he flew an American flag upside down and fretted about the commies. W.A. Criswell drawled from the pulpit of Dallas First Baptist Church in July 1960, "the election of a Catholic as President would mean the end of religious liberty in America."

In other words, Dallas permitted vigorous political dissent, at least from the right.

The embodiment of old Dallas Republicanism in all its bombastic glory was Congressman Bruce Alger, who in 1952 became the first Texas Republican elected to Congress since Reconstruction. There he earned a disreputation as a "raucous and fiery ideological right-winger" who held such retrograde notions as a belief that Dallas should spurn federal education funds. (Which it did.)

Alger has disappeared into the history books as just another right-wing nut to whom all Civilized People bid good riddance, but Dallas historian Darwin Payne, something of a liberal, found him to be a figure of real depth. Alger was a Dallas-born, Missouri-bred realtor and handball champ—nothing Congress couldn't digest there—but the rest of his résumé veers into the bizarre: Alger played football and studied the philosophy of art at Princeton, where he knew Albert Einstein. As a boy, he watched in horror as his sister died in a "dancing recital fire," after which Alger embarked upon a lifelong "constant search for meaning." This is not House Speaker Dennis Hastert.

Lee Harvey Oswald's rifle shot took out an entire city's right wing.

For five terms, Alger embodied the wild side of Dallas: swaggering, imperious, he voted against everything that got in his way, even funds for a local dam during drought season. The Democrats whispered that he was a pro-black integrationist; the Citizens Council was exasperated by his refusal to pursue pork and by such stunts as his picketing LBJ's 1960 campaign visit while holding a sign reading, "LBJ Sold Out to Yankee Socialists."

"After the assassination, the establishment decided to get rid of him," says Payne, a former *Dallas Times-Herald* reporter and SMU professor whose Three Forks Press has published excellent histories of the city. So Bruce Alger was swept away in the 1964 LBJ landslide, a victim of Oswald's trick shot.

Lee Harvey, murderer or patsy, became the only Marxist marksman to take out an entire city's right wing. "I view the Kennedy assassination as the turning point for Dallas," says Tom Pauken, a Dallas lawyer and former state Republican chairman. "Dallas got blamed; right-wing politics got blamed. Dallas became introspective and much more concerned about how we looked elsewhere. It developed an inferiority complex. If somebody was from Harvard and came in and told us something, we suddenly paid more attention."

To expiate Dallas's guilt in world-class fashion, the city fathers (headed by Stanley Marcus) hired Philip Johnson to design what is perhaps the ugliest monument ever dedicated to a...well, to any dead person. The JFK Memorial consists of a marble slab surrounded by four elevated walls. Urbane wits have compared it to a French urinal; a plaque instructs us that it "stands as a permanent tribute to the joy and excitement of one man's life"—a harsh verdict to which even the most rabid Kennedy-hater must object.

Dallas architects, painters, sculptors, and writers were dismissed as provincial mediocrities by city fathers slavering for outside approval. So the prized commission to design the Dallas City Hall was given to I.M. Pei, not exactly an old cowhand from the Rio Grande, and in 1978, after a gestation period of 12 years, this $43 million cantilevered example of the aptly named Brutalist style was presented to a bewildered citizenry. Tilting omi-

Associate editor Bill Kauffman's books include America First! *and* Every Man a King, *a novel.*

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nously, City Hall looks for all the world as though it will fall on tax delinquents.

To be fair, even before Pei and Johnson, Dallas had always welcomed outsiders. The city seems to have been named for Commodore Alexander Dallas, a riverboat captain associated with its founder, a nomadic Tennessee lawyer and Indian trader named John Neely Bryan. (Bryan died in 1872 at the insane asylum in Austin, which is not to be confused with the Texas legislature.)

Among the city's pioneers were a colony of 200 Fourierist artisans, poets, lithographers—and, alas, just two farmers—hailing from Belgium, France, Switzerland, Poland, and Germany. Founded in 1855, the colony of La Réunion came a cropper the next year, when the treasurer of these socialist communards absconded with the cashbox and left us with an amusing twist: Dallas's Reunion Arena, home of the Stars and Mavericks, was named for European socialists. (Then again, given the massive public subsidies involved in major league sports today, perhaps that is fitting.)

Mayor Bob Thornton's motto was "Keep the dirt flying," and grow, grow, grow was the city's cry.

The Sixth Floor Museum occupies the infamous floor of the building at 411 Elm that was known in 1963 as the Texas School Book Depository. From here, Lee Harvey Oswald pulled his trigger. The museum is arresting in a funereal way: gag photos of Oswald-like poses are discouraged, and the only sign of the tastelessness with which we associate the Kennedys was the back of my museum ticket, which offered a $5 gift certificate to Planet Hollywood. (Which, on second thought, may have been a memorial to JFK Jr.)

After taking in the Official Version of November 22, 1963, I stopped by the Conspiracy Museum, which is Not Connected In Any Way with the Sixth Floor Museum. The Conspiracy Museum is located in the attractive Katy Building about two lone gunmen east of Dealey Plaza. It is, shall we say, skeptical on the matter of the Warren Report. Nor does it accept the official version of the Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., or Abraham Lincoln assassinations. I was disappointed by the lack of interest in Garfield, McKinley, and George Wallace revisionism, but I guess there is only so much room in Camelot.

Tom Bowden is the museum's hirsute and affable Texas-born director. His office door bears the nameplate of his *nom de conspiracy*, a portmanteau of "James Earl Ray's CIA contact" and Bowden's handle when, he says, he worked for the Company. The Lincoln assassination is Bowden's white whale—Booth fired the shot, he concedes, but Vice President Andrew Johnson was complicit. A century later, another Vice President Johnson had a hand in bumping off the boss, or so Bowden surmises.

The museum is a nice test of the visitor's credulity limit. John Wilkes Booth lived for years after the murder of Lincoln? Interesting. A "polka dot lady" hypnotized Sirhan Sirhan? Uh, not impossible. Teddy Kennedy was "ambushed driving to the ferry" with Mary Jo Kopechne? Let me outta here! I half expected a mysterious drifter named Raoul to be blamed for bashing in Martha Moxley's head with a golf club. For all the Conspiracy Museum's purported distrust of the Establishment, its veneration of the Kennedy family—the crapulent branch of that same Establishment—would fit nicely into the treacly pages of *People* magazine.

Poor old George Bannerman Dealey, publisher of the *Dallas Morning News*, is now overshadowed by the infamous underpass adjacent to his plaza; how the Dealeys would hate to know that their name is forever linked with that of the President whom George's son Ted once lectured, "We need a man on horseback to lead this nation and many people think you are riding Caroline's tricycle." This was too much for the courtier press, who regarded *Washington Post* editor and Kennedy crony Ben Bradlee as the model "responsible" newsman; and so the *Morning News* was vilified as a rag of the radical Right.

No more. Though the *Morning News* remains one of the last locally owned dailies in a major American city, its Dallas accent was substantially erased when Dealey descendant Robert Decherd—who had been to Harvard and learned just where Texas fits into the scheme of things—took over the paper and announced, "Many Texans want to believe the rank independence and swagger that created our folkloric traditions will somehow sustain Texas indefinitely. The reality is that Texas must become integrated with the rest of the United States and the world." Decherd hired the former managing editor of the Associated Press in New York, Burl Osborne, to de-Dallasify the paper. "We're not a Bubba newspaper," said Osborne, taking the sort of swipe at working-class whites that would be unsayable about other groups ("We're not a Rastus newspaper," said Osborne…who was fired seconds later).

The paper does boast some excellent reporters and an outstanding conservative columnist, William Murchison, who shares a surname but not a fortune with the legendary oil baron Murchisons of Texas. Murchison hails from nearby Corsicana, where he attended Robert E. Lee Elementary School—which has since merged with Sam Houston Elementary School and William B. Travis Elementary School into Jose Antonio Navarro School.

A 1961 observer called Dallas "a city of the businessmen, by the businessmen, and for the businessmen," and it remains "a place of commerce," says Murchison. "You come here to make money."

So Dallas represents the best and worst of capitalism. Dallas writer A.C. Greene eulogizes the dydamism of the city at its best: "You do not get a sense of the tragedy of cities in Dallas; it is a joyous place. It celebrates hope."

On the flip side, Dallas had the highest divorce rate in the U.S. in the 1980s. "You've got a lot of large companies, where folks are floating in and out of here," says Pauken. Mix a mobile population with conspicuous consumerism and you get divorce-lawyer heaven. "Dallas was a hotbed of people coming here to get things done," recalls Payne. "When you do that, traditional things are thrown aside. You came here to make money. You met somebody. You got married, and maybe you didn't have the best

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reasons to do so; then you got divorced."

The savings and loan collapse of the 1980s led to something of a civic collapse in Dallas. Payne, no bleary nostalgist for rule by the Citizens Council, pinpoints this as a critical moment in Dallas history. "When the banks and savings and loan institutions failed, we had outsiders coming to take control. Traditionally, bankers played the lead role in civic affairs, dominating the Citizens Council. You had two in particular: First National Bank and Republic Bank. They merged, then failed. Nations Bank of North Carolina took them over. Other savings and loans and banks are owned by outsiders. You lost the local bankers."

The consequence? "If you're assigned to this community from North Carolina or wherever, and you didn't grow up here, you don't have the same sort of love and affection for it, and the intense interest that the older leaders did."

The transience of the new Dallasites is symbolized by GOP running mate Dick Cheney, who came to Dallas in 1995, headed the oil-field-services giant Halliburton, and then one day flew to Wyoming, changed his voter registration, and became another ex-Dallasite.

While some may regret the rootlessness of the city, others view it as its greatest strength. John Goodman, president of the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis, a free-market think tank, says that he liked New York City because "You go to a cocktail party in New York, most of the people you meet came from somewhere else. That's what, right now, makes Dallas an interesting city: It has attracted a lot of people from different places. I like Dallas a lot more today than I would have 25 years ago."

"Artistically, Dallas doesn't believe in itself," remarked A.C. Greene in the 1980s. "'If it (or he or she) is any good, what is it (or he or she) doing here?' Opinions on cultural matters must be imported to be valued."

This is a common plaint in the cities of the midlands. Yet Dallas has never produced a major American novelist or poet, with all due respect to the space cowboy and gangster of love Steve Miller, a product of the city's tony St. Mark's school.

Dallas has fared better with the theater. Playwright Preston Jones' *A Texas Trilogy* earned widespread praise before his tragically early death in 1979; director Margo Jones, dubbed the "Texas Tornado" by Tennessee Williams, also died too soon when she was accidentally poisoned by carpet-cleaning solution.

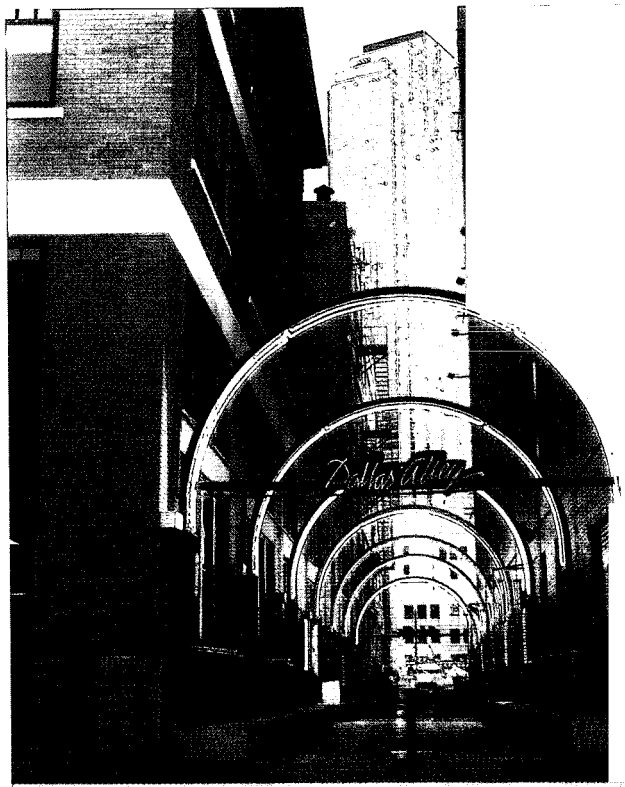
Dallas's Don Coburn avoided an early death, perhaps talismanically setting his most famous play in a retirement home. An advertising man from Baltimore, Coburn moved to Dallas for business reasons in 1970 (he wrote Slurpee commercials, among others). His first produced play, *The Gin Game*, starring Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1978. Coburn is a rarity twice over: an acclaimed playwright who refuses to live in New York City, and a man of the Right.

If anyone in the notoriously P.C. world of American theater has the guts to produce his new play *The Firebrand*, he will also become one of the few contemporary American artists to portray race honestly and deeply. *The Firebrand*, which is set in a Dallas that is never named, focuses on a publicity-craving black lawyer who exploits a horrific black-on-white crime and the two ex-football players, one black and one Italian-Puerto Rican, who may or may not keep the city from going up in flames.

The firebrand of the title is unscrupulous, a compelling orator, and far more human than the self-abasing whites who pander to him; Dallasites who see the play may be put in mind of local black activist John Wiley Price, a County Commissioner.

"People who saw the play might think it was John Wiley, but it's not; it's a distinct voice," says Coburn. John Wiley Price is nothing if not distinct: to most Dallas whites, he makes Al Sharpton look like Uncle Ben. "A fraud and a demagogue," is Tom Pauken's assessment.

John Wiley Price's office is crowded with the mementoes of a lifetime of rabble-rousing: He sits under an image of an Aunt Jemima whose do-rag has been replaced by a red, black, and green African flag. "No Geritol, No Peace," reads a placard leaning against a table, for the honky-taunter has recently turned 50. Price may be the nation's premier picketer: he has waved placards at police and TV stations, hospitals, Nieman Marcus, and liquor stores. A teetotaler, Price was arrested for whitewashing ("beautifying") booze billboards. "I don't boat, I don't go to the symphony, I picket," he says. He offers vigorous dissents on everything from the benevolence of the Citizens Council ("Every place else they called it the White Citizens Council. In Dallas, they just called it the Citizens Council. It was still a White Citizens Council.") to the significance of Dallas having a black mayor: "That's like saying South Africa has a black president—24 million indigenous people still sit on the same



Carolyn Brown

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amount of land, and nothing has really changed."

Once Price gets wound up, an interlocutor can do nothing but sit back and let him rip, as he punctuates his sentences with his tag line: "I'm not confused."

Walt Whitman-like, Price contains multitudes. He says that Marcus Garvey is his hero and that he is into "black capitalism," but his program is nothing more revolutionary than demanding that blacks be cut in on the deal: He supported the subsidy of a new basketball arena because "sure, it's corporate welfare," but it means jobs for blacks. One minute he quotes reggae's Peter Tosh, the next he lauds "minority procurement."

It isn't the white oligarchs who keep the dirt flying at such big government projects as the new arena and the development of the Trinity River. "The people who used to control things in Dallas voted against them," says Darwin Payne. "The people in South Dallas, the minorities, voted for them." We finally got a piece of the pork....

Still, it's hard to dislike a politician who, in talking about the Cowboys, remarked that "Deion [Sanders] ain't a pimple on Paul Robeson's ass." Unlike so many politicians, Price is a man, not an automaton, and he does some things that just don't compute. For instance, every morning at six he drives a school bus picking up kids for a "child care academy" on Martin Luther King Boulevard.

One boondoggle Price is not enthusiastic about is today's classically Dallas effort to attract the Olympics in 2012. Murchison, over on the right, simultaneously pronounces it "bizarre: I see no constituency out there for the Olympics."

The price of bringing synchronized swimmers to Dallas would include razing the historic Cotton Bowl. But "architectural destruction is one of the hallmarks of Dallas," says Murchison.

Tom Pauken's heart is in the old Dallas while his career is in the new. He is the former Republican Party chairman of Texas who sacrificed his seat at the table for principle.

In the 1960s, as national chairman of College Republicans and a true-believing Goldwaterite, Pauken became conscious of the gap between his fellow travelers' opinions and actions: Many hawkish young conservative intellectuals got no closer to the conflict in Vietnam than shoving into the popcorn line at a screening of John Wayne's *The Green Berets*. "How could I accept a student deferment that kept me out of a conflict I supported?" he asked himself. So Pauken went to Vietnam, where he served as an intelligence officer. He came home, went to SMU law school, and eventually headed a federal agency in the Reagan administration.

Pauken was elected state GOP chairman in June 1994, by a coalition he describes as consisting of "the old Right—Goldwater, Reagan, libertarians, and traditionalists—and the new Christian or social conservatives."

Rather than play the pliable state chairman, Pauken denounced Governor George W. Bush's first-term tax plan as a "Democratic tax hike." It was a suicidal act of idealism. "I said, 'Philosophically, governor, I can't support it.' He was very upset and basically told me I'd better support him. But I said 'I can't, in good conscience.'"

Bush's plan was defeated, and Pauken's display of independence meant that after four years as state chairman and a frosty relationship with the governor, he is now resigned to the sidelines, at least for the duration of the Age of Bush.

Pauken assesses the governor: "The argument that he's not intelligent is not a fair criticism. He's intelligent; he's quick. It's a question of how interested he is in ideas and philosophy. I don't detect that George Bush has ever been interested in the battle of ideas."

Pauken expects a Bush administration to be centrist: "He doesn't like controversy."

Pauken expects that a Bush administration would be centrist: "He doesn't like controversy. He's much more comfortable with a bipartisan approach to policy. It worked for him in Texas; the media liked it."

Well, most members of the media liked it. Bill Murchison, while liking Bush "just fine as a governor," voted for John McCain in the Texas primary. Bush "doesn't strike me as having a lot of dynamism. He's a nice guy. He just works on the margins." Acknowledging that the decentralist Democrats who wrote the Texas constitution in 1876 provided for a weak governor, "I'm not convinced that Bush is capable of doing a lot."

Bush "is more a product of Yale University than he is of the oil fields or the small towns," opines Murchison. In a way, Bush was a model new-breed Dallasite. Business—ownership of the Texas Rangers—tied him to the city, and career advancement took him away.

Paradoxically, Bush, as owner of a transplanted team located in a change-happy city, was among the most traditionalist of owners, opposing the wildcard, artificial turf, domes, and other ugly manifestations of modernity in baseball. If he should lose November's Clash of the Titans, he might make a good baseball commissioner.

Dallas will vote the Republican ticket this fall, though no one outside a press-office fabulist could really call it a Dallas ticket. Lee Harvey Oswald punched that ticket, for good, long ago.

Dallas has always produced boosters in the best sense: People who love their city, and never tire of the bluster suggested by the *Fort Worth Democrat*'s 1872 statement that "the first thing the children are taught to speak is 'Hurrah for Dallas!'"

What Dallas needs—if a visitor who loved the city's history and eccentricities and was appalled by its lack of anchorage may be forgiven an opinion—is a few new booster shots. Hurrah for Dallas—the gritty Dallas, the glitzy Dallas, the dydamic Dallas of grandiose dreams—the confident Dallas that faded in the long shadow of a grassy knoll.

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BY SCOTT WALTER

Land of Big religion

Like most things, religion is big in Dallas. You may think you've seen a "megachurch." In Dallas, they need a bigger word than that—*empire* springs to mind. Church buildings here sprawl over acres. Preachers reach out, by jet and satellite, to the ends of the earth. Ministries touch men, women, and children in every walk of life, from Texas *nouveaux riches* to burned-out junkie prostitutes.

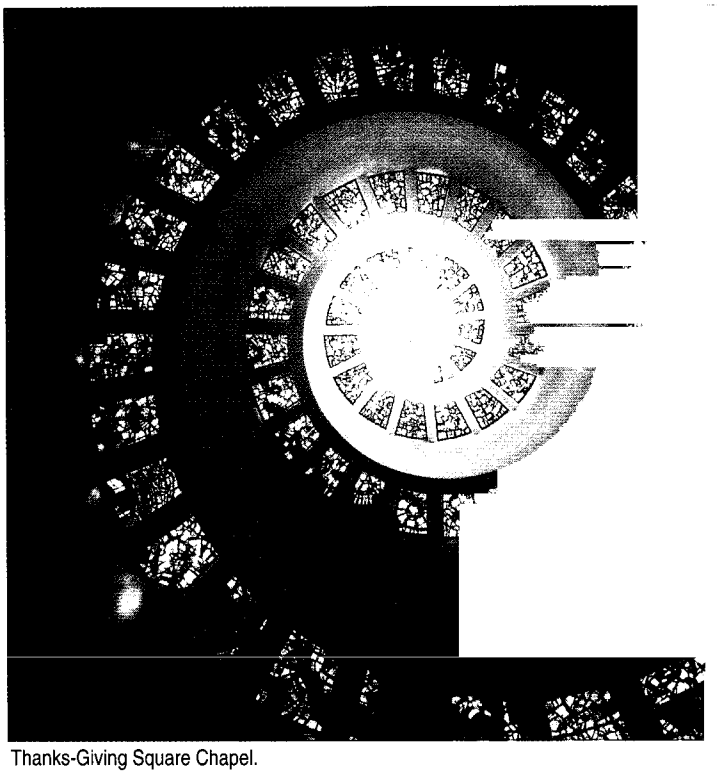
Go downtown to First Baptist, for example, which has over 8,000 members and occupies an entire block. In its 12 buildings members not only worship, they also sell books, provide counseling and aid to women with crisis pregnancies, nurture families split by divorce, provide a ministry for single parents, and run a K-12 academy whose 900 religiously diverse students live in 128 zip codes, are 26 percent minority, and have won over two dozen National Merit Finalist scholarships over the last five years. Elsewhere in Dallas, First Baptist runs the Inner City Chapel, which ministers to the homeless in both "their temporal and spiritual needs."

In addition to the Inner City Chapel, First Baptist has 25 more mission chapels, and the leading light of its history, pastor emeritus W.A. Criswell, also founded Criswell College in Dallas, which has dispatched thousands of ministers and missionaries around the globe.

First Baptist is not unique. On the next street down lies the vast First Methodist Church, which takes up another city block. Over in Ft. Worth, Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary is the largest seminary in the nation for the country's largest Protestant denomination. Another major seminary, the Dallas Theological Seminary, is nondenominational, and boasts 94 school presidents and 33 deans on its alumni rolls, as well as thousands of pastors. Its alumni minister in all 50 states and 93 countries worldwide; they serve 74 denominations and have established 27 international seminaries and Bible institutes.

Although several of the institutions mentioned are bastions of theological conservatism, the city also boasts the Cathedral of Hope, which bills itself as the world's largest gay church and has just added a third Sunday morning service, in addition to the Spanish-language service held Sunday afternoons, the Wednesday night Bible study, and the informal Saturday evening worship.

Drive a few miles out of downtown in another direction and you can visit The Potter's House, home of Bishop T.D. Jakes, whose empire stands out even in Dallas. This Pentecostal church's 28 acres are home to over 23,000 church members and



Carolyn Brown

Thanks-Giving Square Chapel.

counting, though the bishop only arrived in 1996 after pastoring a West Virginia church of 400 souls.

And Jakes' preaching and teaching only begin in the church sanctuary. His books and videos sell in the millions, he's on TV four times a week on Black Entertainment Television and Trinity Broadcasting Network. He's well-known in southern Africa, drawing tens of thousands to hear him preach in Soweto, Ghana, and elsewhere. His prison ministry, spreading rapidly, reaches over 150,000 incarcerated men and women. He has a Grammy nomination for one of his gospel CDs, and a play based on his most popular book is now traveling the country. He runs an annual national conference for women and one for men; the last women's conference broke the attendance record for Atlanta's Georgia Dome with 84,000 participants. The *New York Times* calls Jakes a leading candidate to be "the next Billy Graham."

Scott Walter is senior editor of The American Enterprise.

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Even things in the religious life of Dallas that one might expect to be on the small side are not. Judaism, for example, is native to only a few percent of the population. Yet the city supports a Jewish dating network with 5,000 members, Jewish retirement homes, a historical society, a country club, a Jewish War Vets group, a Boy Scout troop, a Center for Holocaust Studies, and even a Society of Israel Philatelists and an association dedicated to boosting the *bris* ritual of circumcision (1-800-85MOHEL).

Even the homeschoolers aren't small—they've got their own basketball team, the King's Warriors.

.. The church is not a spiritual club for elitists who have arrived, but a fraternal order of broken men.

You can't grow like this without two things: first, a willingness to use the latest in technology and media to get your message out; second, and most important, a welcoming, "non-judgmental" approach to those outside the fold. Fire and brimstone have been traded in for warm smiles and open hands, the message launched as often from computers and VCRs as from a pulpit.

To see the media-technology edge, notice how many churches have simulcasts of their services on radio and TV, or how at The Potter's House and elsewhere you can pick up audio and video tapes of the service you just attended on your way back to the car. Or go to the Web sites of Dallas's religious community. Even a small group like the Mater Dei Latin Mass Society—which promotes the pre-Vatican II Catholic rite and might be thought to harbor pre-modern prejudices against technology—in fact has an excellent Web site containing hundreds of pages that detail the liturgical calendar, translate Latin texts, give the history of major saints, and much more.

Buddhists can find a Dallas site brimming with both audio and text—and by the way, would you like that in Chinese or English? The evangelical Asian youth group Living Word Bible Fellowship offers a variety of meetings for singles as well as married couples, using its Web site and e-mail to coordinate Bible study groups in various members' homes. Catholic singles can check out the All Saints Young Singles Club Web page for everything from Bible study circles and potluck dinners to toga parties and basketball tournaments.

First Baptist's Single-parent Family Ministry projects a warm and welcoming image, showcasing members like Amy Purdom. "As a single mom who has never married," she says, "I appreciate the encouragement and acceptance my son and I find in the Single-parent Ministry." Divorced mom Rheada Leonard adds, "In the Single-parent Ministry, I met others who understood. They are compassionate and caring."

The church's Downtown Pregnancy Center comforts prospective clients carrying unplanned babies that "You are not alone! The Center offers free pregnancy testing and counseling by women who understand what you are going through. Some of the volunteers have experienced the same or similar circumstances.... We care about you and wish to share with you about our various services."

These kinds of outreach made an impression on a young woman who moved to Dallas from New York. She told *TAE*, "This city is so different with religion—people do things with church during the week." You might say religion here is too big for Sunday. A posting on a bulletin board at the University of Dallas, a leading Catholic school, explains the danger such religious folks want to avoid: "The temptation to accept a stagnant existence is, indeed, overwhelming—especially if this existence masquerades behind genuine piety."

But does all this non-judgmental outreach mean these churches are abandoning traditional standards of right and wrong? Not necessarily. The Church of the Resurrection, for example, is Episcopal, a denomination known for often soft-pedaling Thou Shalt Nots. On a recent Sunday, the sermon was bracing. You're "coveting" in violation of the Ten Commandments if you're obsessed with keeping up with the Joneses, or if you send your kids to day care just to garner more spending power. And, he continued in a tone gentle yet firm, if your adult children are cohabitating, "Tell them you love them but it's wrong. Don't water down God and His requirements. They're commandments, not options."

Sin, in short, hasn't disappeared, but the emphasis is being placed on contrite repentance. As a choir leader in the Gospel Tent of a blues festival reassured his audience, "It's all right to say you're sorry. Every Christian at times does things he's ashamed of."

Pastor Brunson of First Baptist likewise exhorts those trapped in habits of self-destruction: Stop trying to make yourself pitiful enough that God will "have to" forgive you; He's always ready to forgive if only you'll humble yourself to ask Him. "You can't be too bad to be forgiven; you can only be too good."

Some of the most poignant lessons of redemption are in Bishop Jakes' play now touring America, *Woman, Thou Art Loosed!* It doesn't sugarcoat human brutality and degradation. Pain, naked and searing, appears at every turn. The audience hears 12-year-old Michele raped by her mother's boyfriend. Her horrified mother denies what has happened, and Michele spirals down to prostitution and then prison. The mother's boyfriend ends up on crack and is ever more abusive. She has only one friend, a fellow struggler who tries to run from the suffering of the seven children she aborted.

By play's end, every character, no matter how flawed, has been rendered with deep sympathy, and each has been offered a difficult but real chance of redemption through repentance and a turning to God. No one could watch this play without experiencing wrenching sorrow for the brokenness of those who live in such desperate circumstances. Similarly, the hope of grace is never made to appear cheap or easy, but it is compelling as a real possibility. The play's emphasis is on genuine healing, not self-righteous judgment.

And Bishop Jakes doesn't want that healing to remain hypothetical. At every performance of *Woman, Thou Art Loosed!* around the country, Jakes invites women from shelters who have suffered the traumas he portrays to attend. At his church, he also

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has ministries to prostitutes, drug users and pushers, and the homeless. These last aren't just bused in for Sunday worship, either. They're gathered early in the morning from shelters, hospitals, and the street, and given food and a chance to shower. Members of The Potter's House provide haircuts to the men and a beauty parlor to the women before they're brought in to worship with the rest of the church. Then they're given rides back to town with lunch. Throughout the day they're also offered help finding jobs and in general befriended and encouraged.

One of the barbers is Andre Curry. He explained to *TAE* that the idea is "first nurture, then get brutally honest." He doesn't just hand out food and haircuts; his personal ministering to the poor lets him get to know particular men over time, so he has enough credibility and friendship with them to talk about how they can improve their lives.

Curry's wife is also in the ministry. They're an affluent black couple who had to go through extensive training by The Potter's House, complete with a long reading list, before even being allowed to perform this volunteer work. Now Andre gets up by 5 a.m. on Sundays, drives 45 minutes to The Potter's House, has group prayer and a brief sermon with his fellow volunteers, then joins in the work of transportation and getting clothing and food together for the homeless before they show up in his barber chair.

And he admits the homeless aren't the only ones being challenged to grow in faith and in service. "I look forward to this ministry now," he says, "but it takes some dedication." And sometimes Bishop Jakes' preaching "hits home with me so much I'll be mad—does he have a wire to my house? I have to face things in my life."

Both those who minister and those who are ministered to are constantly reminded of their need to take responsibility for their lives. The bishop preaches about his own struggles with being overweight. "It is imperative," he says, "this message resonate through our nation: The church is not a spiritual club for elitists who have arrived, but a fraternal order of broken men whose commonality is the answer they seek in Jesus Christ."

The Potter's House incarnates that message: Its ministry to prisoners—which now reaches inmates in 260 prisons in 29 states, including such daunting places as San Quentin—is itself run by an ex-con and repeat felon, George Fitzgerald. "I'm living proof that people can change," he says.

Another man who's proof is Granville Allen. Today, he's a full-time truck driver earning $7 to $11 an hour who also volunteers 20 hours a week for The Potter's House. But for five years in the '90s, he was a statistic: A stuttering young black homeless man who lived in shantytowns under bridges, "working by day and using [drugs] by night," as he tells *TAE*. Then one day he began crying, envisioning his death on the streets. He decided to do volunteer work for his fellow homeless and later joined The Potter's House. He's been with their homeless ministry since January 1999, because "I want to tell guys what God has done for me since I was with Satan, especially guys who knew me before."

As one preacher in Dallas stressed with *TAE*, "Jesus put on a garment of servanthood and washed people's feet. 'The Son of Man came not to be served but to serve.'" Teaching believers how better to serve is the Dallas Leadership Foundation's goal. Run by Kathy Dudley, a veteran of decades of urban ministry, the DLF exists to aid "leaders who already exist in urban neighborhoods."

It helps groups establish non-profit corporations and hone their management techniques and computer skills. It also brings a citywide network of 45 ministers together for regular prayer and mutual support. In addition, DLF directly serves the poor by coordinating projects between neighborhood groups and Dallas businesses.

When serving the poor, DLF carefully stresses building up their dignity. Each Christmas, for example, it coordinates donations of toys to a special "store" where poor families who have saved $25 to $50 over the year may shop at prices about 80 percent off. "It certainly means a lot to us to be able to feel like we are providing for our own family," shopper Maria Andrade told reporters, "and that we are depending on ourselves as much as we can." Last year, over 500 volunteers served in the program, which brightened 411 families' Christmases with $72,000 of merchandise.

DLF also has annual projects to rehabilitate homes in poor neighborhoods. Some homes need only minor assists, but others receive up to $50,000 worth of renovation. In the past couple of years, over 2,000 volunteers and 200 businesses have helped dozens of families in the Owenwood neighborhood. "By anchoring this project in the local church," says DLF's Dudley, "the groundwork is laid for ongoing ministry and discipleship." Dudley's niece adds, "when we can empower people to take care of their own homes and neighborhoods, we've done our job."

Some of the churches involved are located in the city's poshest addresses. Governor George W. Bush's old church is one. Their wealthiest members are likely to live in mansions built by one of the city's top homebuilders, Hawkins-Welwood, whose founder happens to be a Christian. His company donates tens of thousands of dollars of time and resources to carry out repairs, as well as recruiting help from others in the building trades.

"Dallas is special in having so many successful business people who are Christians," says Wil McCall, a staff member at DLF and a transplant from L.A., where he was a successful realtor. McCall tells *TAE* that the housing renovations aren't about "just looks." He points to the home of an elderly woman that, before repairs, lacked running water. "Now she's in a GED class" earning her high school diploma. "There was no new investment in 40 years here." Now other houses are being improved on their own, without DLF help.

"We cross races, churches, and class lines," concludes McCall, who is black. Religion in Dallas, at its best, is bigger than any one group. And it is definitely bigger than one day a week. It reminds each believer of his own failings—as one realizes upon wandering into Blessed Sacrament Roman Catholic Church in Oakcliff, where Confession is offered not the usual once or twice a week but 16 times—and offers encouragement toward living a better way.

Meanwhile, over at The Potter's House, elder pastor Lawrence Robinson warns a crowd, "Growing up in church we *dressed* holy, but some of the most bitter and angry folk you ever met were in church. I pray that we will not be judgmental of others, but wash their feet."

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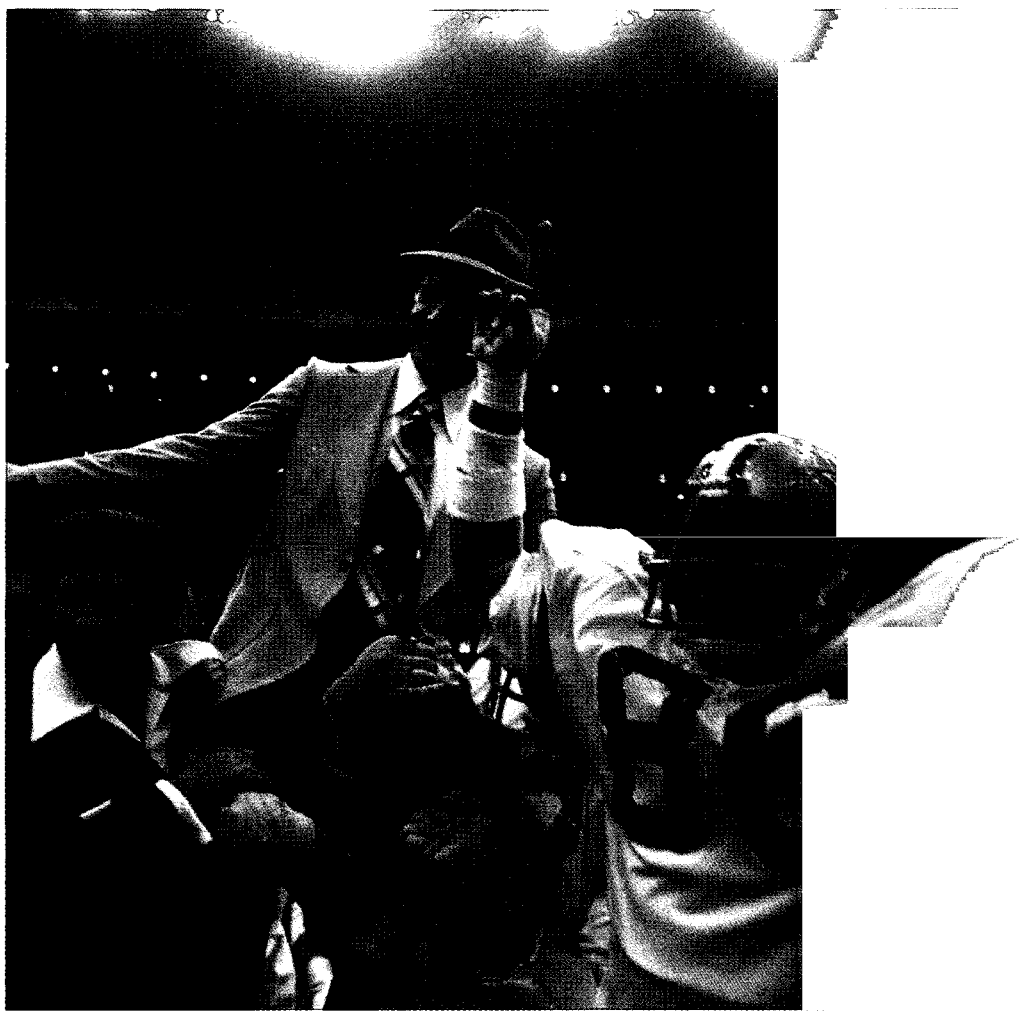
BY JOHN MERONEY • • •

Sports city

About 15 miles north of downtown Dallas, out beyond the Lyndon Baines Johnson Parkway, far enough away that the skyscrapers are reduced to specks on the Texas horizon, is where one has to go to find the Dallas Cowboys. Strange how the team that shaped so much of the city's image—helping rehabilitate Dallas in the national psyche from the place that murdered an American President to a place where American culture grows strong and tall—isn't really even located there. The team is based in a place called Valley Ranch, an antiseptic planned community with rows and rows of identical houses and perfect lawns.

The sport of football has at various times defined what it means to be a man in America. It's an activity that provides, as star Dallas quarterback Don Meredith once put it, a sensuous pleasure in having your nose broken, "in feeling the warmth of the blood running out, extending yourself, knowing you can take yourself a step further, feeling accomplishment, I mean, feeling really *good*." In Valley Ranch, back behind streets with names such as Avenue of Champions, Victory Boulevard, and Touchdown Drive, is a spread of some 200 acres that reinforces the idea that football generally and the Dallas Cowboys in particular have become something more than just an amusement. There, early one morning, at the entrance to a gray concrete training headquarters lies a hefty pile of copies of the *Wall Street Journal*, still rolled up in their plastic subscription wrappers. The image of a bunch of Cowboys leafing through the same pages read elsewhere by men whose uniform consists of Hickey-Freeman suits and Canali sportcoats is a little strange.



Dallas Cowboys' head coach Tom Landry is given a victory ride on the shoulders of his players after winning Super Bowl XII in January 1978.

AP/World Wide Photos

From the beginning, though, the Dallas Cowboys have been about meshing their image with the rest of America. Former general manager Tex Schramm, who with head coach Tom Landry molded the Cowboys into national prominence, wasn't actually from Texas at all, though he often encouraged that idea. Schramm actually came from that flagship city of American artifice: Hollywood, California.

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"Schramm understood the Texas myth and how to sell it," according to Dallas sportswriter Skip Bayless. It was a technique Schramm learned as a journalist in Austin, shaped as a flack for the Los Angeles Rams, and perfected at CBS Television. There he noticed in the late-1950s that Americans were becoming "watchers instead of doers." He saw TV's mushrooming influence, and he wanted to get in the game.

Schramm started with the Cowboys when the National Football League expanded to Dallas in 1961. From the very beginning he and Landry were like oil and water. Landry was a native Texan—from the Rio Grande Valley no less—and a devout, born-again Christian. Meanwhile, sportswriters observed, the only time Schramm ever mentioned "God" was when it was followed by the word "damn."

Some of the loyalty that used to center on the Cowboys is now migrating elsewhere. . .

Clint Murchison Jr., the original owner of the Cowboys, also understood that in Dallas, Texas, perceptions can be as important as realities. Though he was the son of a man who made his fortune in the vintage Texas style of oil, gas, and railroads—on a 1954 cover of *Time*, Clint Sr. is seen grinning over the words "A big wheeler-dealer"—junior came of age in Durham, North Carolina, on the campus of Duke University, where he was Phi Beta Kappa. He next moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and enrolled in the graduate mathematics program at MIT. About as far from the culture of the plains of Texas as one can get.

When Murchison finally did make it to Dallas, he didn't spend much time in the men's department of Neiman Marcus, either, preferring instead the sartorially-challenged uniform of a nerd: white short-sleeve shirts and black ties with heavy horn-rimmed glasses. The only thing missing was a pocket protector. Clint Jr. spent his spare time reading obscure technical journals and delivering monologues about the minutiae of science to house guests. But deep inside he seemed to know what Texas was about, and why it was only natural that football would thrive there. "Little Clint rather desperately wanted to prove his manhood to big Clint," explained Bayless.

And so of the $300 million Murchison inherited from his family, he spent about $1 million establishing the Cowboys. (By comparison, Jerry Jones, the current owner, invested about $140 million in the team when he purchased it in 1989, $75 million of that going for Texas Stadium in Irving.) And despite his pedantic style, Murchison reveled in the role of Texas football team owner.

His partner, Bedford Wynne, considered many names for the team, including the Rangers. But Murchison and Schramm thought there was something about "Cowboys" that had a special Texas twang to it. "At first blush, you thought, 'That's ridiculous. It's corny.' But we found that everywhere we went, it was a source of mystique. There was just an intrigue nationally with Dallas—the oil, the wealth," said Wynne.

By June 1961, it was Murchison and his brother who had succeeded their father to the cover of Henry Luce's magazine. And every Sunday, on the east side of town in Fair Park, the Cotton Bowl (capacity 75,000) was where all the action seemed to be. Don Meredith, Sonny Gibbs, Bob Lilly, and Walt Garrison—players who came from Texas towns like Mt. Vernon, Ft. Worth, Throckmorton, and Lewisville—were the kind of men who represented the heart and soul of what the Cowboys were supposed to be.

"I feel very fortunate to have grown up in Texas," running back Walt Garrison says today. "I was born here. Being able to play in front of your family and friends, close to where you grow up—it really doesn't happen that often." According to teammate Bob Lilly, Garrison was "the Cowboys' Cowboy." His rookie year, Garrison asked for a horse trailer as a signing bonus. He also negotiated all his own contracts. "I don't believe in agents," he says. "I've traded cattle and horses most of my life and like to hold my breath and sit on the floor." It was an era when boys could grow up in a dusty Texas town, be high school football heroes on Friday nights, go to college at places such as Texas Christian and Austin, and then become national stars.

Just southwest of Dallas off Highway 67, in the town of Cedar Hill, one can still get a sense of that life. Towns like this used to live for the "Friday night fix," as journalist H. G. Bissinger describes the fervor surrounding high school football—a mania that still lives on today in certain parts of the state. "On Friday night, a set of spindly stadium lights rises to the heavens... briefly igniting the darkness," Bissinger writes in his book *Friday Night Lights*, which chronicles high school football in the West Texas town of Odessa.

But Cedar Hill is now part of the sprawling Dallas Metroplex area and has a population approaching 30,000 (20 years ago, there were more like 7,000 residents). The wooden bleachers around the original football field are still there, as is the old press box that one reporter describes as more like a tool shed. But next to these is a symbol of what sport in Dallas has become: a cutting-edge stadium for the high school football team that cost $6.2 million. It has all the accoutrements worthy of professional sports, including Astroturf, a digital scoreboard, and a new press box that stands two stories. "It is the buzz of the town," Mayor Rob Franke told the *Dallas Morning News*. "It's a big step."

The Dallas area has worked its way through lots of big steps over the last generation. And the Cowboys were instrumental in helping transform the city into what it is today. "The Cowboys became a vehicle that projected Dallas as a winner instead of the killer of Kennedy," said former linebacker Jerry Tubbs. Tom Landry used to trumpet this as the greatest accomplishment of his team. "The Cowboys gave the city something to rally around after the assassination," he said. And of course, as Dallas changed, so did the Cowboys.

John Meroney is an associate editor of The American Enterprise.

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The team once operated out of the lobby of the Texas Auto Club building; now Valley Ranch is an entire town built around the team. Tom Landry and Tex Schramm once shared the same office because space was tight; now the reception area is three times the size of their office. Inside the sleek lobby three TV monitors are recessed into the wall, each showing 24-hour sports channels. On Mondays after games, the team meets in small classrooms to review the game on laptop computers (each player is given his own when he signs with the team).

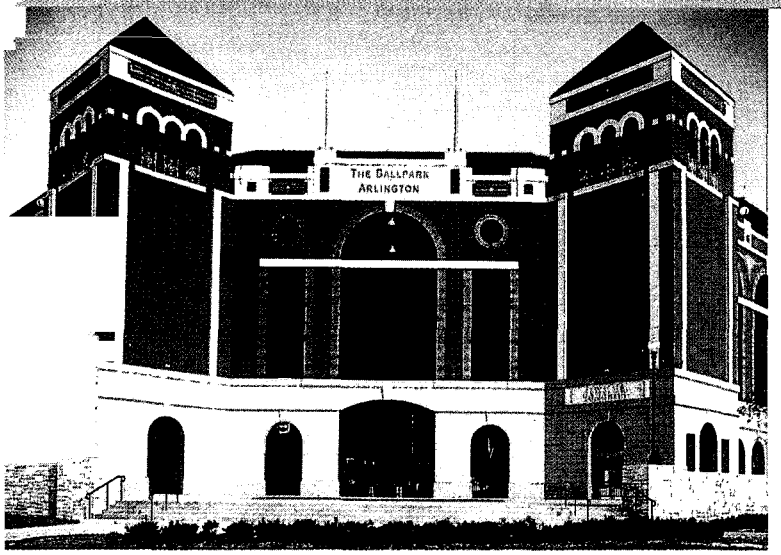
Surroundings aren't the only things that are different in Cowboy culture. There is, of course, the money. When Don Meredith joined the team after finishing at SMU in 1960, his contract was $30,000 per year. At the end of nine seasons, Meredith, a genuine star, was making $100,000. Now players routinely get salaries in the millions; former Cowboy Deion Sanders recently signed with the Washington Redskins for a record $56 million, including a bonus of $8 million.

Money isn't the only thing that's changed. In 1963, Green Bay Packer Paul Hornung was looking somber on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* with the headline, "The True Moral Crisis in Sport." The story was about how Hornung and several other NFL players, including Alex Karras, were caught betting on games. "It is not too much to expect the athlete-celebrity to at least try for good conduct, since where he goes, what he does, and who he does it with take on a measure of importance that reflects his sport," wrote *SI*'s John Underwood.

By contrast, last May, *Newsweek* published "A Season of Shame," a feature about how professional athletes are increasingly becoming mired in scandal—except this time it's more serious than wagering. Just this year, two NFL players were charged with murder, another with the sexual abuse of a minor. The headlines have become all too familiar, especially to readers of the *Dallas Morning News*. Criminal behavior became so common among the Cowboys several years ago that there are Internet sites devoted to jokes about players' alleged law-breaking. Question: "What do you call a drug ring in Dallas?" Answer: "A huddle." Or: "There are four Dallas Cowboys in a car. Who's driving?" Answer: "The police." And: "The Cowboys knew they had to do something for their defense so they hired a new coordinator: Johnnie Cochran."

When a spinal injury forced receiver Michael Irvin to retire in July, the fact that he ranks in the top tier of NFL receivers and was instrumental in the Cowboys going to the Super Bowl three times in four years are accomplishments listed right alongside his arrest in a motel-room drug bust. While they were researching their 1998 book *Pros and Cons*, a detailed account of the criminals who play in the NFL, Jeff Benedict and Don Yaeger would be asked by the people they were interviewing, "So, how many chapters do you have on the Cowboys?" (Benedict and Yaeger's study found that of 500 players in the NFL whose criminal records were searched, 21 percent had been charged with crimes such as homicide, robbery, assault, DUI, and kidnapping.) As sports agent Leigh Steinberg described today's dynamic to *Newsweek*: "The rappers want to be ballers and the ballers want to be rappers."

Arlington residents refer to the Rangers' stadium as "The Temple," because of the organization's friendliness toward faith.



The Ballpark, home of the Texas Rangers, is located between Dallas and Ft. Worth.

But the city of Dallas has always shown tremendous resilience, and as one local icon faltered into trouble, other teams in other sports have stepped forward as replacement heroes. At the other end of the spectrum from the Cowboys have been the Texas Rangers, the major league baseball team based in Arlington, smack between Dallas and Ft. Worth. The Rangers are flag-waving, mom, and apple pie. Today they're the ones cut from the Tom Landry mold. Arlington residents even refer to the 49,200-seat stadium where the team plays as "The Temple," because of the organization's friendliness toward faith and religion. The Rangers once ran a "Lutheran Day" promotion, for instance, where members of the local denomination were given discounted tickets and encouraged to make the game a family outing. General manager Johnny Oates is a born-again Christian, as are relief pitcher John Wetteland and other players. The Rangers have become a red-hot center for Baseball Chapel, a phenomenon existing across the major leagues that involves many players and coaches in Bible studies and services before each game.

"Can a ball club be a force for morals and values?" asked George W. Bush in a 1997 interview about the team of which he was until fairly recently part owner and managing partner. "Yes it can—and here's why. People pay attention to stars—what happens on the field and, in this day and age, particularly what happens off the field. And a team can emphasize values. Texans love values—they're down to earth, they care about honoring their neighbor, respecting others, loyalty to a wife—and Johnny Oates personifies that," said Bush. "Texans are proud to support a decent, down-to-earth guy."

During a recent visit with Oates, who was manager of the Baltimore Orioles before he moved to Texas, he described for me his own spiritual journey, one that he believes led him to Dallas

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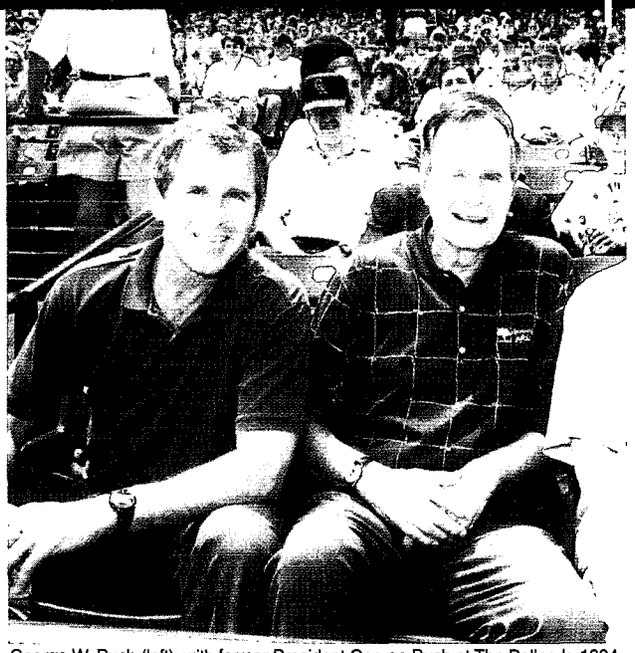
George W. Bush, Texas Ranger

Adapted from A Charge to Keep *by George W. Bush, 1999.*



George W. Bush (left), with former President George Bush at The Ballpark, 1994.

When Dad won the election in 1988, I made plans to move back to Dallas. Some people were surprised. They figured I would stay in Washington and try to cash in on Dad's political success. They didn't understand I had come to Washington not for myself but to help my dad pursue his dreams. I was ready to go home to Texas, to get back to my life.

Within weeks of returning to Dallas, I began reading the speculation that the Rangers might be for sale. Television station owner Ed Gaylord might buy the team; a group of Florida investors was interested. And so was I. If they were selling, I was buying. Of course, I had more determination than money. And that's exactly what Eddie Chiles told me when I went to see him. His health was deteriorating, and he wanted to sell the team. My job was to convince him to sell it now. "I'd like to sell to you, son, but you don't have any money," I remember him saying.

And he was right. I had nowhere near the $80 million it would take to purchase the team. I am, however, a hard worker who catches a dream and refuses to let go. I began making the rounds, calling on friends, calling on strangers, trying to string together enough money to buy the team.

I read in the newspaper that baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth had met with Dallas businessman and investor Richard Rainwater. I called Richard immediately and went to see him. My hunch was right; the Commissioner had interested him in the merits of owning a team, and he was now excited about the possibility. We worked out a partnership agreement: Once all the investors received their original money back, plus a 2 percent return, they would split 85 percent of any profits. Richard's friend Rusty Rose and I would share the day-to-day management responsibilities of the partnership and would split the remaining 15 percent of any profits—5 percent for him and 10 percent for me, in recognition of my role in putting the deal together and persuading Eddie Chiles to sell the team to us.

Buying the Rangers was a financial risk for me. I put $600,000—almost a third of my entire net worth—into a team that had a 25-year losing streak, sagging attendance, and an inferior ballpark. On the other hand, owning a Major League Baseball team was a dream come true. I became the face and voice for the management of the Texas Rangers. I worked hard to sell tickets. I traveled the Rangers' market, which encompasses a huge part of Texas, speaking to civic groups and chambers of commerce. I did thousands of media interviews, touting baseball as a family sport and great entertainment value.

For five years, Laura and I went to 50 or 60 home games a year. I'll never forget some of the magic moments, like the night Nolan Ryan struck out his 5,000th victim. Cameras flashed all across the new stadium, and my daughter Barbara said, "Hey, Dad, look at all the fireflies." It was an electric moment for my good friend Nolan, who joined the team the year we bought it. Nolan is the epitome of a Texan, a hardworking family man who is a fierce competitor on the field and a gentle, humble soul off it.

I admit to almost mystical feelings about baseball. I give a speech to college graduates where I outline "fixed stars," essential truths that can help guide them through life. Most involve faith and family and how to live responsibly. I'm only partly joking when I outline number four: "Baseball should always be played outdoors, on grass, with wooden bats." I'm a traditionalist when it comes to our national sport. I voted against wild-card play because I don't believe baseball should reward a second-place finish. I don't like interleague play because I worry it will diminish the World Series. I thought the best future for baseball would be found in reverence and respect for its history and traditions.

Baseball was a great training ground for politics and government. From the Rangers, I developed a thick skin against criticism. I learned to overlook minor setbacks and focus on the long haul. The bottom line is results: wins and losses. And it's a people business. You have to attract customers, keep them with you, and bring them back. We had to provide a venue that was comfortable for families and children. We had to create trust with the fans.

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from the East Coast in 1994. "Baseball had become all that mattered to me," Oates says. "I was ignoring my wife, my family, and everything around me was about the game." His life was falling apart. His change came during spring training with the Rangers in 1995. "It was then that I began to realize that if I focused on God, everything else would fall into place," says Oates.

And what Johnny Oates found in Dallas was a culture that allowed his faith to flourish. He began to notice that in Dallas, sportswriters—often the most cynical of journalists—pricked up their ears when he began talking about his walk with Jesus Christ. It was different from the fellows on the East Coast. "I've reached more people in Dallas about the gospel than I ever would have in Baltimore," says Oates. "When I start talking about God, reporters don't mind taking notes. Because they know that aspect of one's life is so key for the kind of people who live here."

Beyond the glitz and money of professional sports, Dallas has a remarkable number of little oases where the sports dreams run pure.

Brad Newton

Nolan Ryan, the fireballing Texan who defined the term "power pitcher."

Dallasites celebrate their faith as an integral part of American life. Writer Skip Bayless recognized this the first time he interviewed Tom Landry, asking the Cowboys coach about how his belief in Christ helped him cope with the pressures of upper-echelon coaching. "In the next ten minutes, I took 30 minutes worth of notes," Bayless remembered. "It was the best interview I would ever have with Landry. I felt such warmth and humility from this coach who could seem so coldly emotionless."

Bayless wrote about the encounter in his newspaper column, detailing how Landry said he was inspired by II Timothy 1:7 when he was on the sidelines. "'God does not give us fear, but power and love and self-control.' The thing that eats you up is fear and anxiety. Once you commit your life to Christ, it's in God's hands," the coach told Bayless. At Tom Landry's church, the minister spent a sermon discussing the newspaper article, and some in the congregation had the column laminated and disseminated widely.

The Texas Rangers have also been a Texas-sized commercial success. When the ownership group that included George W. Bush purchased the team in 1989, the price tag was around $80 million. Ten years later, the team was sold for $250 million. Annual revenues have soared from $28 million in 1989 to more than $120 million today. And the assertion that Bush was a failure at ownership—"He was a front man for a baseball team where the greatest claim to fame was trading away Sammy Sosa," is the way Vice President Al Gore's spokesman Chris Lehane puts it—is false. The Rangers did much more than just improve their cash flow. The team went from having an abysmal record when Bush first took the reins to winning three division titles in the last four years. Of Bush's ability at the Rangers, sports broadcaster Bob Costas recently told *TAE*, "I applauded when he was the only owner who voted against starting a wild card playoff. Bush recognized that this system would destroy pennant races, which are the lifeblood of baseball." Costas added: "If you could guarantee me that Bush's judgment on all policy issues was as astute as his judgment on this, I would not only vote for him, I'd lead his campaign."

Another place where some of the loyalty that used to center on the Cowboys has migrated is the Dallas Stars NHL hockey team. At first, many doubted that hockey would ever be a draw in Texas. *Don't you know, we have rodeos down here?* But this is a state where people have a keen appreciation for the rough-and-tumble, for tests of machismo and stoicism and aggression. So as *TAE* writers visited in the spring of this year, there were the Stars defending their Stanley Cup championship before a rabid local following. Hockey has now become so popular in Dallas that to some great degree the sport has supplanted Sundays at Texas Stadium as outings for the city's brass. And lots of Dallas kids are now rolling out of bed early in the morning to hit the ice in the rinks sprouting all across town.

Beyond the glitz and money of professional sports, Dallas has a remarkable number of little oases where the sports dreams run pure. Suburban Carrollton is home to the American Heritage Academy, a Christian school that's part of the massive local Covenant Church. Even though the school has only about 450 students enrolled in kindergarten through twelfth grade, it has distinguished itself as a sports powerhouse. Last season, AHA achieved the amazing feat of winning state championships in three major sports: football, basketball, and baseball. Part of the secret, says athletic director and head football coach Bob Giesey, is the way the students are encouraged to have a close spiritual relationship with Christ, a focus of dedication that influences excellence in all aspects of their lives. "God is working here," Giesey says. Students are required to sign an

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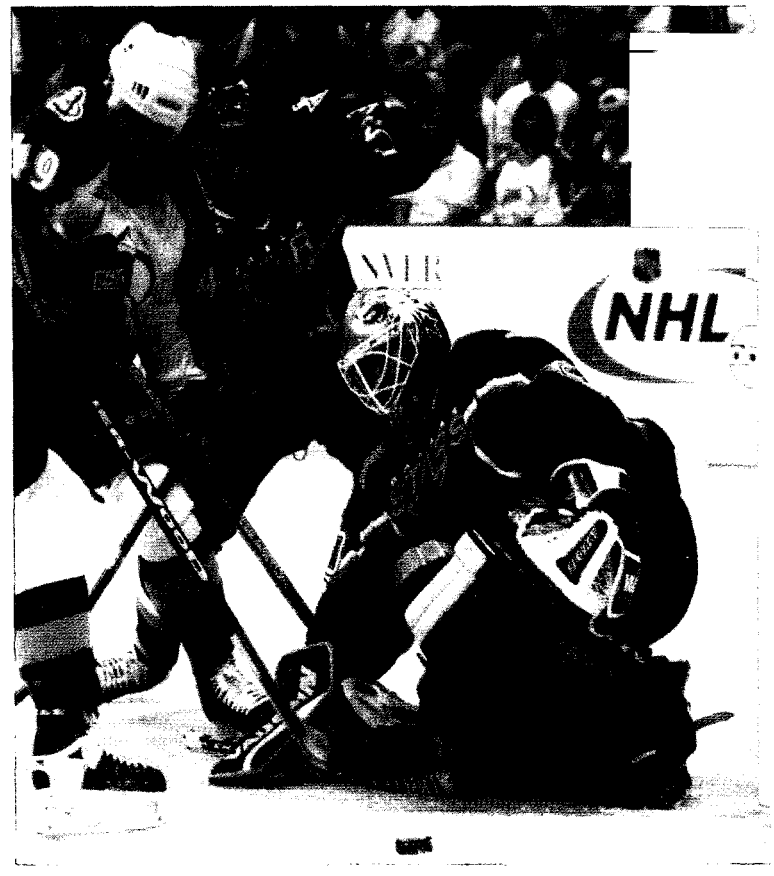
Honor Code promising they will "yield to the transforming power of the Holy Spirit" and will not take drugs, consume alcohol, use tobacco, or join gangs. "I realize that my body is the temple of the Holy Spirit," says the document.

In Plano, another Dallas suburb, the World Olympics Gymnastics Academy boasts more than 800 students who have their eyes on Olympic gold. "We don't compete against Houston or the East Coast," said former Soviet coach Evgeny Marchenko, now a Dallasite. "We train girls to compete against Russia, Romania, and East Germany." Marchenko's gymnastics center is one of six in the Dallas area, where an estimated 18,000 children are involved in the sport. Bela Karolyi, who trained Nadia Comaneci and Mary Lou Retton, says Dallas has become a place for producing champions. The girls impressing Karolyi are sisters of the local boys who grow up to be football gladiators, and daughters of the men and women who have built Dallas into today's economic dynamo. They train for scores of hours each week, they are disciplined and determined, they are ferociously rivalrous.

And all of this is what makes Dallas the "Big D." At the edge of the twenty-first century, it is an ambitious, high-achieving, super-competitive metropolis. In an interview several years ago, Jerry Jones described his vision of the Cowboys as a worldwide icon. "I can see the Cowboys having a chance to become the leading international sports team," Jones said. "The Dallas Cowboys are already referred to as America's Team. Well, I'd like us to become known as the world's team." Indeed, Cowboys T-shirts can already be spotted in places like Nigeria.

Just another Big D globalization plan.



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The Dallas Stars winning the NHL Western Conference finals in May of 2000.

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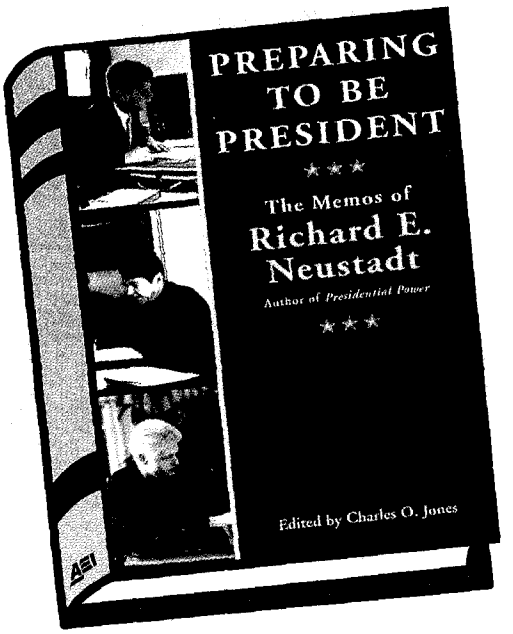

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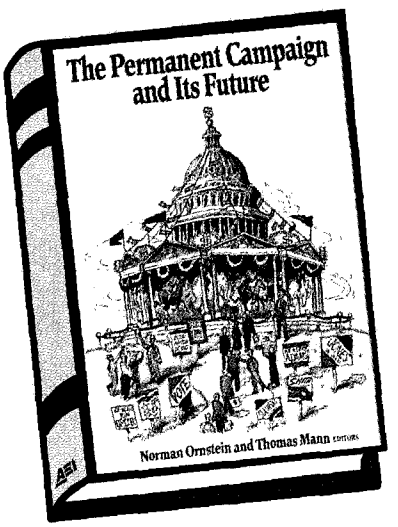

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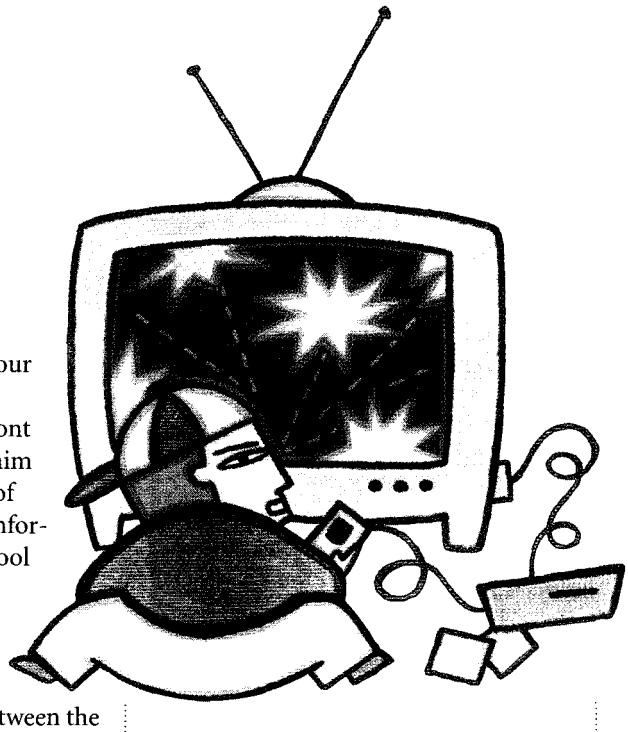

KIDS NEED MORE "NO'S" AND MORE THROWS

By Suzy Ryan

SAN DIEGO—It was an offer I couldn't refuse. Who wouldn't want to teach at the same school their children attend?

A few months into the experience, however, I became disillusioned with how America is raising its youth. During my time in the classroom I have observed absolutely blatant disrespect for authority. When I was young, we would never have treated grownups as children do today. What ever happened to reverence toward adults and their mandates?

My school-earned disillusionment was powerfully reinforced on the morning when I discovered that someone had broken into my garage, ransacked my car, found my purse, and stolen my wallet (yes, with ID, credit cards, checks, cash, and family pictures). It must have been someone young, since he'd crawled through a small doggie door. And this young someone was out very late, since I hadn't gone to bed until 1:00 a.m. that night.

Stunned, I stared at my violated purse and struggled not to develop a victim mentality. As I slowly remembered all the items it had contained, I got angry. I couldn't stop thinking about my missing watch, cross necklace, prescription glasses, and wallet. I especially mourned for my Oakley sunglasses, not because they are expensive but because they were my mother's last gift to me, and can never be replaced.

After we made out the police report and put motion detector lights and a security system in our home, I donned my "Nancy Drew" hat and started investigating. Going door to door, I discovered there had been numerous car break-ins nearby, where a group of kids hangs out until late. One young man even gave me the name of a student who was bragging about stealing in our area. I found his address in the phonebook and ached to confront the guy. I wanted to discipline him for his poor behavior. But fear of retaliation made me leave the information with the police and school officials instead. The events in Littleton have forced society to deal differently with children.

As I continued teaching, I could see a clear connection between the blatant disrespect among young people that I've observed at my new job and the child breaking into my garage. Some kids today demonstrate a chilling indifference to the consequences of their behaviors. And I've been thinking a lot about the sources of this.

I don't want to judge parents, because I make mistakes every day with my own children. But if for one afternoon I could arrange to fill my classroom with parents instead of children, this would be my assignment to those grownups:

1. Lose the Nintendo and limit TV and computer time. Kids today have a short attention span because they are constantly stimulated and have no idea how to entertain themselves.

2. Give children guidelines and expect first-time obedience. They should not be out late. You are responsible for knowing where they are and what they are doing.

3. Less material stuff is more. Make them earn their windfalls by working. Don't indulge them with gifts they do not deserve just because you feel guilty you aren't spending enough time with them. This spawns ungrateful kids.

4. Make discipline count. Take away privileges that hurt (a birthday party, a field trip, a baseball game). Draw a line against disrespect and follow through.

5. Do not flatter children with false praise, but sincerely compliment them.

SOME KIDS TODAY DEMONSTRATE A CHILLING INDIFFERENCE TO THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR BEHAVIORS.

Our offspring are smarter than you think, and they know their strengths and their weaknesses.

6. Finally, spend time together. When was the last time you threw a football, rode bikes, played Legos, or colored a picture with your children? Know what they like and who their friends are. Treat them with a sense of worth and model self-control. Kids learn by watching, and they will emulate you.

Come on, parents! Give teachers something to work with, and don't expect them to do your job too. Let's love children enough to train them in the real consequences of their actions. Let's teach them respect, and that they are responsible for their behavior.

And let's make it an offer they cannot refuse.

Suzy Ryan has contributed several articles to The American Enterprise.

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the Environmental Economist

Clinton-Gore Swamp Fever

By Brian Doherty

The biggest, most complicated environmental public works project ever attempted by the U.S. government might just sink without a trace into south Florida's fabled Everglades.

The project, officially the Comprehensive Everglades Restoration Plan and known as the "Re-Study," is colloquially called a "restoration." But the Army Corps of Engineers' planned $7.8 billion, 30-year-plus project is just another human rejiggering of the awesome expanse of slow-flowing water, cypress tree stands, sawgrass, alligators, and wading birds known in the old days as the "River of Grass."

The Everglades were once an almost solid sheet of water and sawgrass flowing dreamily south from Lake Okeechobee down to the Florida Bay. The area has fallen on hard times in the past few decades—the direct result of the last time the Corps chose to treat it as a Tinker Toy set. The swamp is now about half the size it used to be, and the 'Glades have suffered huge soil loss; contamination by mercury, pesticides, and phosphorus; encroachment of non-native exotic plants; and dramatic declines in native fish and wildlife.

The Corps' plan seemed to make sense at the time. After Florida suffered decades of regular destructive flooding in the first half of the century, the Corps launched its 1948 Central and Southern Florida Project. The project built 1,720 miles of canals and levees, 150 gates and spillways, and 16 pumping stations. It also turned 1,100 square miles of swamp just south of Okeechobee into rich agricultural land, now known as the Everglades Agricultural Area (EAA).

The EAA is now home to sugar farmers, whose phosphorus-laden runoff is changing the traditionally nutrient-poor Everglades from a sawgrass wonderland to a tangle of cat tails.

Why ought American taxpayers, at great expense, favor the more traditional sawgrass over the new cattails? The restoration debate is dominated by the urge to restore the "natural" state of the Everglades. But the Corps' latest plan isn't, and can't be, a return to some static "natural" Everglades. Such a thing never existed in the violent and storm-prone world of southern Florida, barely above sea level. And even if it had, we don't know enough about it to "restore" it.

The Corps' new work will just be another human re-engineering, reflecting current human wants. And interviews with the likes of Everglades National Park Superintendent Richard Ring hint at what those wants are. He tells me one of the "three main goals" of the south Florida ecosystem effort is to "rethink urban developed areas.... We need to get smarter about building quality environments. That means getting out of cars, using mass transit, designing more quality communities not dependent on autos."

Any process involving so much money and so many different interests—13 federal agencies, seven Florida agencies and commissions, two American Indian tribes, 16 counties, lots of municipalities, and the usual gaggle of interested environmentalist groups—inevitably creates conflicts. Some of these conflicts were on display during a South Florida Restoration Science Forum conference held in Boca Raton last May which aimed to unify the interests and perspectives of scientists and government managers on the Everglades. The dozens of science-fair-like table displays filling the hotel told not only of troubles with water flows but also invasions by "exotic" non-native plant species (a sort of floral ethnic cleansing), phosphorus and mercury contamination, and 68 endangered species (the federal Department of the Interior is simultaneously pursuing a comprehensive multispecies recovery plan for the Everglades, another complicated scheme meant to dovetail with the Re-Study).

Some of the problems are interconnected in complicated ways; some are difficult to solve simultaneously. One mercury scientist tells me of apparent relationships between decreasing phosphorus and increasing mercury. The needs of one endangered species don't necessarily dovetail with another. For example, the Everglades National Park, in an attempt to get water levels right for the needs of a population of the Cape Sable Seaside Sparrow subspecies, has, according to the Miccosukee Tribes who live there, caused ecological disaster in the non-federal Everglades lands to the north of the park. The Park Service's insistence on keeping water dammed up to their north drowned 85 percent of the deer population in 1994-95; it is also killing many of the distinctive tree islands vital to Miccosukee tribal ritual, and is even flooding the habitat of two other endangered Everglades birds.

The park is dedicated to "saving less than half of the Everglades at the expense of the remaining majority of the Everglades," says Dexter Lehtinen, the tribes' lawyer. "If they don't own it, then it's not Everglades as far as they're concerned."

For now, "getting the water right" is the overriding mantra of the restoration attempt: increasing the flow of water

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through the Everglades, timing it better for the varied wet and dry season needs of various animals, cleansing it of human contaminants, and saving the 1.7 billion gallons that are now dumped into the ocean every day. In July the Army Corps submitted a 4,000-page document describing its restoration plan to Congress. The Corps hopes the long process of appropriations and authorizations for the Re-Study will begin this year. (As of press time, the first year's $1.7 billion authorization has passed the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee but isn't yet out of committee in the House.)

Beyond the scientific complications, the political science of the Everglades is skewed as well. Before the Re-Study can begin in earnest, the Everglades National Park—the federal portion of the Everglades, which is only 20 percent of the original Everglades—thinks some refuse must be removed. Madeline Fortin is a piece of that detritus. She and her neighbors have been told over and over again that their presence in the so-called "8 Square Miles" area southeast of the Shark River Slough is twisting the knife in the back of the dying Everglades. (The slough is where water from the northern state- and tribally-owned Everglades flows down into the National Park.)

Fortin thought she'd found Nirvana when she drove around the horse farms and fruit groves among unpaved roads, far from the noise and grime of Miami, surrounded on two sides by wetlands. She saw a "for sale by owner" sign on the house she now lives in, and it seemed a dream come true. She now sees her life as a nightmare, one she's determined to awake from, triumphant.

She's not alone. Many of her neighbors, most of them Cuban refugees from Castro's tyranny, are similarly determined not to go. Many of them came to America running from forced nationalization of their land; they're determined it won't happen again. Powerful forces are arrayed against them. The South Florida Water Management District (SFWMD), in collusion with the Interior Department and against the Corps' plan, sent letters telling them their land was going to be condemned and they'd be forced out; so they better become "willing sellers" now, lest they get less money later. The SFWMD did not, and does not, have the legal authority for condemnation.

Many hesitant about the huge Re-Study wonder why previous legislative attempts to manage some of the Everglades problems on a smaller level, like the 1989 Everglades Protection and Expansion Act and the 1994 Everglades Forever Act, aren't allowed to play themselves out before this enormous re-engineering project begins. The Modified Water Deliveries Project, for example, was authorized in 1989, and was supposed to have completed approximating old water flow through Shark River Slough by 1997.

THE BIGGEST ENVIRONMENTAL PUBLIC WORKS PROJECT EVER ATTEMPTED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT MIGHT JUST SINK WITHOUT A TRACE INTO FLORIDA'S FABLED EVERGLADES.

It hasn't, because the Park covets 8 Square Miles. The Army Corps and the many Florida commissions who've looked at the matter in the past two decades decided it would be cheaper and quicker to build a new protective levee to mitigate flooding in 8 Square Miles and allow those living there to continue their pursuit of the American dream.

The Park insists that water flow through Shark River Slough can't be restored without permanently flooding 8 Square Miles. Colonel Terry Rice, a former commander of the Army Corps of Engineers in Jacksonville, Florida, with a doctorate in hydrology, says that just isn't so. "It's not a question of water. It's a question of culture in the Park. They want buffer zones, no eyesores, and they consider people and farm fields eyesores."

Building further flood mitigation around 8 Square Miles was expected to cost around $40 million. But the Park, with the collusion of the South Florida Water Management District, preferred driving them all out at a projected cost of over $100 million dollars—and who knows how many years as citizens defend their homes in court. The most recent compromise in the continuing fight has the Army Corps launching a $65 million plan—all federal money—to buy out one-quarter of the land, approximately 35 homes, and build some levees, a seepage canal, and a pump station to help keep the rest from flooding. The money has to come from Congress, and the people have to agree to sell, two issues that certainly will involve further political turmoil and delay. If this small part of a decade-old Everglades project is mired in such intense inter-agency conflict, how is the entire complicated Re-Study apt to fare?

A telling comment at the May conference came from Garth Redfield of the SFWMD. He declared, amidst the welter of conflicting wants, intentions, and information, that "There's almost never a yes or no answer in environmental science." In politics, though, a yes or no answer is necessary—money either is or isn't being spent. Thus, the Corps is seeking a blank check from Congress to proceed with a project necessarily steeped in ambiguity. The abstracts of papers presented at the Boca Raton conference are more filled with questions than answers about such things as proper surface measuring, surface and ground water flux, mercury sources and concentrations in animals, and species migration within the 'Glades. As one report from a science sub-group to the South Florida Ecosystem Restoration Task Force put it, "the effects on the system of substantially altering large-scale ecological processes are largely unknown." We simply don't know what we need to know to have any assurance that the end result of the Re-Study will be

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any closer to anyone's ideal Everglades than the result of the last manipulation.

The Corps' plan depends on as-yet-untested theories, models, and methods. So the Corps cheerily announces its intention to use "adaptive management." In other words, give us money based on this plan, and if it doesn't work—as it well might not—allow us to continue making it up as we go along with the taxpayers' blessing and cash. While it is South Floridians whose water is being played with, they have little say over the projects; authority remains with the federal Congress and the Corps.

One proposed remedy seems unnecessarily chancy to many Floridians. The restoration's greatest promise is to provide more water for all Floridians' needs. The new water is supposed to come from storing the 1.7 billion gallons a day currently sent off to sea in surface holding areas, old mine holes, and, most controversially, underground. This underground aquifer storage recovery system involves injecting fresh water deep into the ground, where differences in density will theoretically keep it floating above the brackish water below. But the system has never been tried on such a large scale, with so many people's drinking water dependent on it. Some of the initial pilot projects the Corps wants funded this year are to test aquifer storage recovery. It's such a key part of the overall plan they'll be almost back to square one if they fail.

Whatever the project's ultimate results, it is a concerted assault on private property. The Re-Study has a wish list of over 200,000 acres it wants to take, even though since 1948 various levels of government have already taken more than 4.6 million acres for Everglades purposes. It's an integrated plan, supporters say, requiring a systematic use of almost all the land south of Okeechobee. The needs and desires of humans to live or work count for little in the face of Mother Swamp.

A potential solution to the problem of how to allocate and preserve water in South Florida requires extending private property in a direction Florida isn't considering—to water. By state constitution, water in Florida is all under the control of state-created Water Management Districts that divvy it up to private utilities. Because of politics, water prices don't necessarily rise to reflect scarcity or expense in storage and delivery.

But if water will be dangerously scarce in South Florida sometime in the future, then selling it at a market price would ration all the different water demands. And if the government or environmentalists think the water needs of the natural system in the old Everglades swamps are vital, they too could become buyers in a water market. Of course, they'd rather make everyone else pay for it—not just everyone else in South Florida, but across the United States (cost-sharing on the Re-Study is 50 percent federal, 50 percent state).

THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS IS SEEKING A BLANK CHECK FROM CONGRESS TO PROCEED WITH A PROJECT STEEPED IN AMBIGUITY.

By treating water as if it were essentially a free public good, Florida has made it very expensive indeed. The fairest and most rational way to deal with the reality of limited resources is for people to pay for what they get, not to subsidize cheap water and then try to manage growth through layers of regulation.

Southern Florida might seem a paradise when its palm trees stretch in the distance beneath endless pale blue, when its cypress trees float serenely overlooking miles of wet grasses and curious birds. But it is a violent land—nature, not red in tooth and claw but wet and dry, alternating in patterns rarely right for human needs. But still the Miccosukee dance their traditional dance in the tree islands of the remaining Everglades; still the people of 8 Square Miles try to make a home for their families a little purer, cleaner, freer than that possible in downtown Miami.

Chuck Cushman runs a national landowners rights group called the American Land Rights Association. He hasn't had much luck organizing aggrieved landowners in and around the Florida swamps. "These people by nature are like the pioneers of 250 years ago," he says. "Getting them to stay close to a phone and turn out press releases turned out to be very difficult."

Cushman's father was a ranger for the Park Service, and Cushman has had a lifetime immersed in their culture. He's also seen the types of people who still like living in the Florida swamps, where only wind boats or swamp buggies can venture. "Southern Florida had a unique backwoods culture, almost like the Alaskan Bush or woodsmen of the West, except these folks love the swamp and can get along quite nicely there.

"But the Park Service and other agencies are trying to carry out cultural genocide there, to eliminate all private use," Cushman says. "The whole Everglades project fits in with the environmentalists' goal of folding, spindling and mutilating anyone who's not an urbanite, forcing everyone to move into cities."

The Re-Study will cost $7.8 billion (the latest official Army Corps estimate) and take 20 years. But consider the progress of two smaller Everglades projects, the Modified Water Deliveries Project and the C-111 canal project. According to a General Accounting Office report, they are already two years behind schedule, apt to end up more than five years behind, and will cost $80 million more than estimated. You'd have to be extraordinarily naive to believe the Re-Study will come off as planned.

The Everglades restoration project was born in ignorance and arrogance, to make good on a problem initially caused by government action. In that sense, it's not only the biggest environmental project the government's ever attempted—it's a sadly representative one.

Brian Doherty was the 1999 Warren Brookes Fellow at the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

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Late-night Politics

AP/World Wide Photos/Reed Saxon

Bill Clinton plays on " The Arsenio Hall Show," June 3, 1992.

In 1992, Bill Clinton appeared on Arsenio Hall's late-night TV show, wearing his sunglasses and playing his saxophone. Clinton critics said such an appearance wasn't worthy of the office he was seeking, and argued that it blurred the line between politics and entertainment. That may have been true, but it wasn't an entirely new experience.

In 1963, shortly after losing the California gubernatorial race, Richard Nixon went on NBC's "The Jack Paar Program" in an attempt to remake his image.

"Can Kennedy be defeated in '64?" Paar asked him.

"Which one?" deadpanned Nixon. It brought down the house.

"Boy, I hate a smart-aleck Vice President," said Paar. He then invited Nixon across the stage to the piano where the candidate played his own composition. "Accompanied by 15 Democrat violinists," retorted Paar.

Nixon convulsed with laughter.

Fast-forward to August 2000. Scott Atwell, talent coordinator for NBC's "The Tonight Show with Jay Leno," is downtown in the Staples Center, trolling for guests to take back to Burbank. And what a week. In five days, Leno had Hillary Rodham Clinton, Gore gals Karenna, Kristin, and Tipper, and Democratic strategist James Carville sitting next to him.

Late-night TV has become as critical to national candidates as their policy speeches, rallies, and debates. One of the few who hasn't toured the circuit is Reform Party presidential candidate Patrick Buchanan. Buchanan was invited to host NBC's "Saturday Night Live," but turned down the producers. Recently, a Buchanan press operative lobbied his boss to appear with his cat, Gipper, on CBS's "The Late Show with David Letterman" in order to help soften the pitchfork image. Buchanan, though, will have none of it, siding with those who criticized Clinton, and telling *TAE* he believes such appearances only diminish the dignity of the presidency.

So why has being on the shows that start after the late news sometimes become more important than being on the news itself? Partly because the audience is large. Leno and Letterman each have on the order of 5 million viewers for a given show. By contrast, CNN's Larry King has half-a-million—and that's on a good night. Depressingly, a recent Pew Research Center study revealed that for adults under 30, 50 percent of their news comes from late-night TV. Of that age group, 37 percent admit "Saturday Night Live" is one of their sources for what's happening in Washington. And 10 percent of all Americans admit to getting news from Leno and Letterman monologues. Politicos know these shows reach people who've never even heard of "Crossfire" or "Hardball."

The interviews aren't confrontational; so candidates have a chance to engage in light repartee in a glamorous show business setting. Earlier this year, George W. Bush miscalculated the importance of the physical ambience. Instead of sitting next to Letterman in the Ed Sullivan Theatre he opted for a clunky satellite hookup which, with its audio delay, made him look like he was making his debut in a New Jersey comedy club.

Despite the hospitality accorded to guests during interviews, late-night hosts skewer politicians at the top of their shows. This summer's conventions generated ample material. Craig Kilborn, host of CBS's "The Late Late Show": "Thursday night at the convention, the stage will be set for the biggest speech of Al Gore's life. Also scheduled for Thursday night: America's best night of sleep ever." Leno: "Today when they asked Bush what he thought of Kosovo, he said, 'You know, I just shop at Price Club.'"

Leno has contributed money to Bill Clinton, but insists he keeps his politics ambiguous on the air. In fact, the Clintons have been mainstays of monologue ridicule. "I do Clinton jokes because he's President," explains Leno.

Jay Leno put James Carville on as his number-one guest the Thursday of Democratic convention week, billing him as "the man who helped get Bill Clinton elected." That same night, Lee Ann Womack, a hugely popular country music star, was also on the show. (She bears a striking resemblance to the surgically enhanced Paula Jones, and one of Womack's most famous tunes is "A Little Past Little Rock.")

Despite her stardom, Womack found herself in the dreaded final segment of the show, the one that during Johnny Carson's era used to be known as the "death slot" since it was the least watched, airing when most of America was asleep. Carson and his executive producer Fred De Cordova used to reserve it for guests such as Carville who talked about politics.

But this is the year 2000. Politicians have become stars on late-night TV. And somewhere, Richard Nixon is smiling.

— John Meroney

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Flashback

TO KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE YOU WERE BORN IS TO REMAIN EVER A CHILD—*Cicero*

The Texan Who Saw Through Lyndon

Courtesy of the Haley Memorial Library and History Center

J. Evetts Haley was raised in Midland, Texas, and worked his family's ranch along the Pecos River, punching cows instead of a time clock. As a young man he had an epiphany: "History was right here at home"; so he would spend his lifetime recording the story of his Texas Plains. He also composed one of the best-selling—if now wholly forgotten—political biographies ever written.

After graduating from West Texas State, Haley roamed the plains, amassing a vast collection of cattle-related Texana. His *Charles Goodnight: Cowman and Plainsman* (1936), which has been called the finest biography of a frontiersman, tells us how to skirmish with Comanches, treat rattlesnake bites, and pull an arrow out of a man's neck. Through a "flow of tobacco juice and profanity," Goodnight, who was born three days after Texas declared independence, explained the code of the panhandle to his bookish young landsman, and for the rest of his life Haley would live by that code in an often uncomprehending world.

Haley was fired from the University of Texas in 1936 when he denounced President Roosevelt and assumed leadership of the "Jeffersonian Democrats of Texas." The obstreperous Haley remarked after taking his stand, "It's going to mean I'll get fired, but my folks never started for San Jacinto and then turned back." He added, "I will welcome being fired and go back to my old job of punching steers—those that escaped Henry Wallace's cow killers."

The poetical rancher would write the lives of cowboys and oilmen, storekeepers and outlaws, bank robbers and patrolmen, but his most notorious work (and the book for which he was virtually crucified) was an act of atonement "for the shameful part Texas has played in foisting" on Americans an "evil genius": Lyndon Baines Johnson.

A Texan Looks at Lyndon: A Study in Illegitimate Power (1964) is one of the great stories in self-publishing. Even small houses shied from a book that followed, with Texas Ranger doggedness, the trail of theft, defalcation, and vulgarity left by the President of the United States. As Bill Modisett relates in his biography of Haley, when a publisher asked the author if his lawyer had vetted the book for libel, Haley replied, "Hell, he says there's libel on every page, that's what he says. But I'm a historian…My obligation is to tell the truth.... When it comes to lawyers, I'll talk to them about a matter of policy. But when it comes to history, I don't ask them, I tell them!"

So Haley published the book himself, with the proceeds from a cattle sale. In *samizdat* fashion, Americans unsatisfied with the sonorous officialisms of Walter Cronkite and Hugh Sidey bought an astonishing five and a half million paperback copies.

Reading the book today, one is struck by the eerie parallels to a later tactile southern Democratic President and maudlin cracker with the hots for every woman not his wife. The habitual lying, the craving of power for its own sake, the blistering of subordinates too cowardly to tell the Great Man to take a flying leap: LBJ comes off as a slightly less unctuous Bill Clinton.

Haley depicts Lady Bird Johnson as a "Lady Macbeth," cold and calculating, caring "more about her husband's career than her husband"—although Lady Bird had the grace to disappear into Texas once their time was up.

In one sense, the book has aged poorly: The reader cringes when the segregationist Haley huffs and puffs over LBJ dancing with the wives of Negro congressmen. But his essential thesis—that Johnson was a power-mad liar and crook of Texas-sized proportions—has been validated by the first two volumes of Robert Caro's definitive biography.

Haley was "fully aware of the terrible recriminations of illegitimate power that may, with certainty, be expected to follow" the book's publication; the IRS, FBI, and even postal inspectors paid their disrespects to the Plains' Tom Paine. The lapdog press was sicced on Haley; overnight, the distinguished historian was diagnosed as being "a case of unhospitalized paranoia." Imagine: He claimed that Johnson had stolen the 1948 Senate election and had become a millionaire many times over by virtue of talents other than shrewd market calculations!

J. Evetts Haley lived 94 years, though his cow-punching days ended at age 82, when he was thrown from his mount while helping during spring branding. He left us a priceless record of his Texas Plains—and an example of how anchorage in a regional culture can sustain a man who tells Truth to Power, fully aware that Power may reply with both barrels.

—Bill Kauffman

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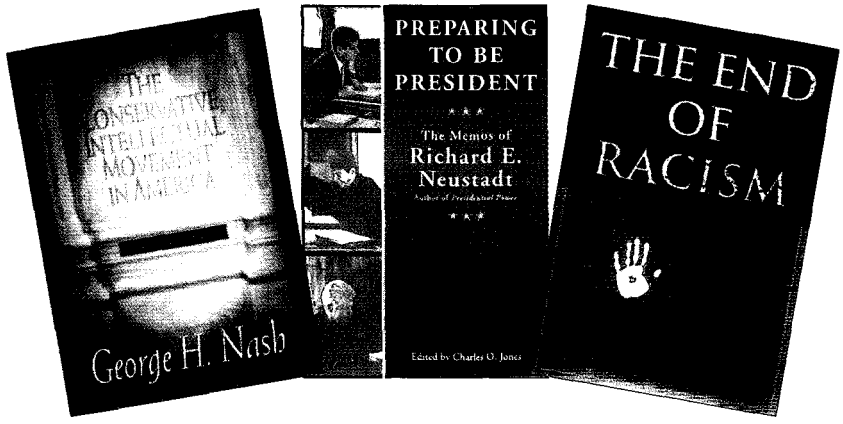

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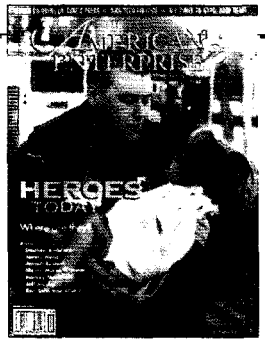

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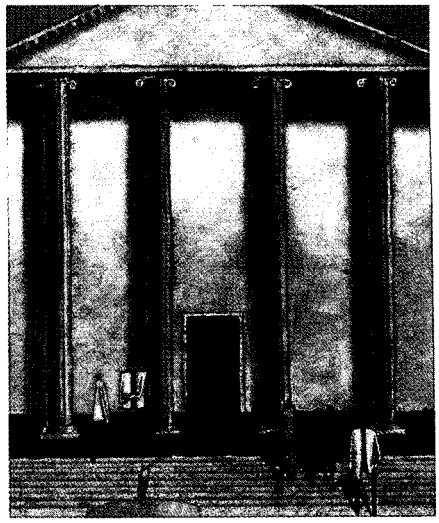

ECONOMICS AND BUSINESS

Another Trial Lawyer Scam

Eric Helland and Alexander Tabarrok, "Exporting Tort Awards," in *Regulation* (No. 2, 2000), Cato Institute, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

Helland, an economist at Claremont McKenna College, and Independent Institute research director Tabarrok found that elected, partisan judges are far more likely to punish out-of-state defendants than are judges who are either appointed or elected in nonpartisan elections.

Helland and Tabarrok looked at over 7,000 cases involving personal injuries. They divided the cases according to whether a defendant was an in-state resident or not, and then further divided their database into whether a judge lived in one of the 27 states which appoint judges, the 13 states that hold nonpartisan elections, or the ten states with partisan judicial elections.

They found little difference between the damages awarded in the states where judges were elected on nonpartisan ballots or appointed. But the states with partisan elections tended to heap greater punishment on out-of-state defendants. Out-of-state defendants in partisan states were assessed an average fine of $652,720, in-state defendants an average fine of $363,540. Partisan judges were also more likely to assess fines of over $500,000.

Defendants can always request a federal trial, where there is no bias against out-of-state defendants. But this can only happen if defendants live in more than one state and are being sued for more than $50,000. This transfer can be blocked if one defendant objects, or if "any of the defendants reside in the same state as the plaintiff." So by suing a local distributor as well as a manufacturer, plaintiffs can assure they'll have a trial in a partisan state court.

"When tort law places almost no limit on punitive awards," Helland and Tabarrok write, "is it any surprise that lawyers and judges can use the system to pillage defendants?"

SOCIETY

The Limits of Welfare Reform

Douglas J. Besharov and Peter Germanis, "Welfare Reform—Four Years Later," in *The Public Interest* (Summer 2000), 1112 16th Street N.W. #530, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Since welfare rolls hit their peak in March 1994, the number of Americans on welfare has fallen by 49 percent. Three states report drops in their welfare rolls of 85 percent. Besharov of the American Enterprise Institute and Germanis of the University of Maryland give several explanations for these dramatic declines, which occurred without any increase in homelessness or destitution.

• *Work-oriented welfare offices.* In 1992, New York City welfare commissioner Barbara Sabol disguised herself and visited two city welfare offices to try to find work. No one was willing to help her get a job. Today, many welfare offices have transformed themselves into "job centers" which actively help people enter the labor force.

• *Increased reliance on family.* Faced with having to contact as many as 20 potential employers before being eligible for a welfare check, many single parents don't bother applying for welfare in the first place. Urban Institute researchers found that non-working former welfare recipients were more likely to live with someone in the labor force, to have their parents pay the rent, and to be receiving government subsidies that come with few strings attached, such as Social Security and food stamps.

• *More government spending.* Welfare reform has not saved the taxpayers any money, because other governmental programs have increased their budgets. Medicaid, which only welfare recipients used to receive, is now available to people with incomes up to 250 percent of the poverty line, costing an additional $9 billion between 1993-99. Welfare reform has also caused federal and state child-care subsidies to rise by $4 billion in this period.

Besharov and Germanis applaud the reduction in the welfare rolls. But they warn "we may need a generation to find out" if the behaviors which caused welfare rolls to rise—increased illegitimacy and single-parenthood—have been reduced.

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Keep Kids Home After School

Darcy Olsen, *12-hour School Days? Why Government Should Leave Afterschool Arrangements to Parents*. Cato Institute, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

President Clinton has proposed doubling federal spending on after-school programs, claiming that 15 million young people aren't supervised after school and that such spending would "boost achievement and keep people off the streets and out of trouble." Cato Institute analyst Olsen finds no evidence to support the President's claims.

A Census Bureau survey found only 12 percent of children aged 5-12 were left without supervision, usually for less than an hour at a time and for no more than six hours a week. At most, no more than 7 million young people are unsupervised. Parents said they would leave kids alone if they were mature and responsible, were near a phone, and knew an adult they could call if they needed help. Fewer than 0.3 percent of parents said they allow their children to roam around after school because they can't afford a babysitter.

Nor is there evidence after-school programs boost student achievement or cut the crime rate. Both the Carnegie Council on Adolescent Development and Johns Hopkins researcher Olatokumbo Fashiola found most research on after-school care is badly conducted. At best, after-school care has some mild benefit for troubled urban youth, but there's no evidence after-school programs help children outside the ghetto do better in school.

Nor do government after-school programs reduce juvenile crime. A 1997 study, funded by the Department of Justice, looked at 500 after-school programs (including "midnight basketball") and found they not only had no effect on cutting crime, but some actually made matters worse by encouraging deviant youth to congregate for extended periods.

If Washington wants to help parents watch over their kids, Olsen concludes, better to substantially increase tuition tax credits. "Families are perfectly adept at managing after-school arrangements without state assistance."

SCIENCE AND ENVIRONMENT

The End of the Forest Service?

Robert H. Nelson, *A Burning Issue: A Case for Abolishing the U.S. Forest Service*. Rowman and Littlefield, 4820 Boston Way, Lanham, Maryland 20706.

When the U.S. Forest Service was created in 1905, its planners were Progressives who believed the national forests could be scientifically managed to ensure a steady supply of wood for American industry. But now, observes University of Maryland public policy professor Nelson, the Forest Service is an agency without a mission.

In 1995, Forest Service chief Jack Ward Thomas publicly disavowed scientific management, stating that "ecological processes are too complex to ever be fully understood." Timber harvests have been cut in half during the Clinton administration, and the uncut timber often dies and creates huge amounts of flammable detritus, serving as fuel for uncontrollable fires. Environmental organizations have drastically increased the amount of paperwork and red tape forest managers must produce. "The Forest Service is so confused today," Nelson writes, "that it no longer knows the reasons for its own existence."

The Forest Service has historically had a policy of suppressing fires, ever since a 1910 inferno turned 3 million acres of Montana forests into ashes. But fire is a natural process that ensures forests are thinned and sun-loving trees such as the lodgepole pine and the giant sequoia can thrive. Suppressing fires makes the forests denser and allows dead trees to accumulate, increasing the likelihood of an eventual cataclysm.

The Forest Service began to change its fire-suppression policies in the mid-1980s, allowing a limited number of "prescribed burns." Prescribed burns can easily get out of control and turn into major conflagrations. They might also be illegal, since the massive amount of air pollution released during a burn could violate Environmental Protection Agency regulations.

Moreover, the current system of a few major fires in the national forests each year is quite lucrative for the Forest Service, whose fire-fighting budget has risen steadily. These funds aren't just used to put out fires, but also act as an indirect subsidy to depressed western counties.

The Forest Service could get rid of the dead wood by increasing timber harvesting. In fact, it would make about $500 an acre selling wood now destroyed by forest fires. But environmentalists have halted logging in many national forests through the Endangered Species Act, and still other forests have had their logging reduced by the Forest Service's current goal of returning lands under its control to a "pre-European state." The result, says the General Accounting Office, is that it may take as much as $12 billion to get rid of dead wood on Forest Service lands by 2015.

Given the gridlock that results from Forest Service policy, Nelson wonders why we still have national forests in the first place. He suggests returning control of the national forests to the communities that surround them. Some forests could be public corporations (like Amtrak or the Postal Service). Others could be nonprofit land trusts.

Nelson applauds the work of the Quincy Library Group, a coalition of local environmentalists, loggers, and government. This group was created by concerned citizens who realized the need to "deal directly with each other or remain in perpetual struggle and gridlock." Though their forest plan, which called for stricter conservation measures *and* increased logging, was denounced by national environmental groups, it was adopted into law in 1998.

National environmental groups dislike local control because they claim an interest in overseeing every national forest in America. But who's better suited to govern a forest, Nelson asks, locals who know what the forest needs, or Washington? Unless power over the forests is devolved, "the current resource management gridlock is virtually inevitable."

Don't Restrict Animal and Plant Immigration

Ronald Bailey, "Bio Invaders!" in *Reason* (August/September 2000), 3415 South Sepulveda Boulevard #400, Los Angeles, California 90034.

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This summer in Nairobi, environmentalists debated a treaty that would authorize massive fines to those who knowingly introduced a new species into a country without obtaining permission from the government. *Reason* science writer Bailey suggests this treaty is a dangerous expansion of government power grounded in bad science.

True, new species dramatically change ecologies, but sometimes for the better. The zebra mussel, which entered U.S. waters in the mid-1980s, encrusts itself on boat hulls and docks and may be a nuisance. But it thrives on fertilizer runoff and algae, and the waters where it lives are cleaner than before.

Preventing the spread of non-native species would ensure that useful plants and animals remain on foreign shores. For example, marine biologist James Kirkley hopes to introduce Asian oysters into the Chesapeake Bay, where pollution has reduced native oyster levels by 99 percent. The Asian oysters would not only allow Marylanders to have fresh local oysters, but would help filter junk from the bay's turbid waters. Why should international bureaucrats block this useful experiment from taking place?

It's certainly worthwhile, Bailey argues, to eliminate pests and weeds that harm the environment. But an international treaty that would condemn all non-native species would lump "together basically benign alien species along with bad actors," and thus do more harm than good.

The Car is Not Obsolete

Joseph L. Bast and Jay Lehr, *The Increasing Sustainability of Cars, Trucks, and the Internal Combustion Engine.* Heartland Institute, 19 South LaSalle Street #503, Chicago, Illinois 60603.

In *Earth in the Balance*, Al Gore described the damage to the environment from the world's automobiles as "a mortal threat to the security of every nation that is more deadly than that of any military enemy we are ever again likely to confront." Relying on cars and trucks for transportation was "an absurd state of affairs."

Bast and Lehr disagree with Vice President Gore's claims. "Internal combustion engines and conventional fuels *are* the future of automobility and cartage in the U.S.," they write. Most claims brought against the car are without foundation:

We're running out of fuel. The oil industry is always finding new sources of fuel. In 1978, proven reserves of oil were 648 billion barrels, and forecasters predicted oil wells would run dry by 2007. This year the U.S. Geological Survey says the world has 2.12 trillion barrels of "technically recoverable oil," and 112 billion of those barrels are in America. Add the world's natural gas reserves and you have enough energy to last a very long time.

Cars pollute the planet. Thanks in part to governmental regulations, today's cars are surprisingly clean. Much air pollution coming from cars emanates from a few older smoke-belchers, which account for less than one-half of 1 percent of all cars on the road. The Environmental Protection Agency predicts U.S. air pollution will fall by 22 percent between 1997 and 2015, partly because older dirty cars are being replaced by new clean ones.

Alternatives to internal combustion are better. Every competitor to the internal combustion engine, including electric cars and fuel cells, costs more, has shorter ranges, and is more cumbersome than an internal combustion car. Plus, the acid-drenched batteries of an electric car and the pressurized hydrogen tanks of a fuel cell could be very dangerous in accidents.

"Cars, trucks, and internal combustion engines are becoming increasingly sustainable over time," Bast and Lehr conclude, "thanks to improving air quality, new ways to find and exploit fossil fuels, and the major advantages of conventional engines and fuels *vis-à-vis* their competitors."

OTHER COUNTRIES

Virtue Matters Most

Lawrence Harrison, "Culture Matters," in *The National Interest* (Summer 2000), 1112 16th Street N.W. #540, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Forty years ago, two schools of development theory competed for followers. American development experts believed that all countries went through a series of inevitable economic changes and experts could nudge poor countries towards prosperity. Marxist-Leninists countered with "dependency theory," which claimed poor nations would inevitably be exploited by rich ones.

Both schools of thought, argues Harrison, a senior fellow at Harvard's Academy for International and Area Studies, were wrong. The countries that climbed from the Third World to the First—South Korea, Singapore, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Spain, Portugal—did not do so because of outside advice. They advanced because their people adopted virtuous principles, bettering their lives.

The citizens of successful countries, he writes, have several things in common. They value hard work and achievement, as well as frugality. They look ahead to the future, to a better life for themselves and their children. They believe in a good education. There is a strong sense of community, justice, and fair play.

By contrast, the citizens of static cultures, including much of Latin America, have resigned themselves to their lot in life. They believe the poor "deserve heaven" and the rich "deserve hell." These cultures are hierarchical and authoritarian. Schools are often bad, with a low priority given to education. Families don't trust anyone who's not a relative.

The virtues necessary to succeed are known by the "Protestant work ethic" in the West and "Confucian values" in Asia. But Harrison believes they're time-tested principles that people in any nation can use to advance themselves. "The role of cultural values and attitudes as obstacles to or facilitators of progress," he writes, "has been largely ignored by governments and aid agencies."

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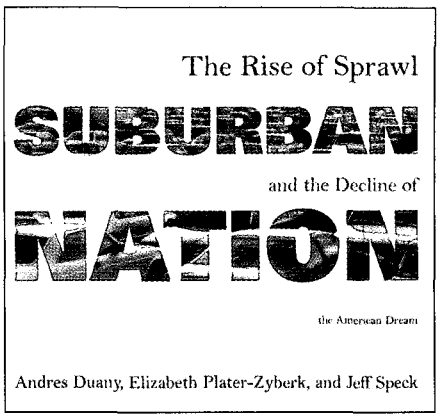

RETURN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

By Philip Langdon

Suburban Nation: The Rise of Sprawl and the Decline of the American Dream
By Andres Duany, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, and Jeff Speck
North Point Press, 290 pages, $30

Andres Duany is one of the great men of our times, and for people concerned with the character of our communities, the publication of *Suburban Nation* is a much-anticipated event. Witty, sarcastic, charismatic, indefatigable, the 50-year-old Cuban-American architect has been ardently attacking misguided community planning and misshapen development for two decades.

What sets Duany apart from the typical disgruntled designer is that he refuses to be an impotent bystander. He, more than anyone else, willed Traditional Neighborhood Development—or New Urbanism, or Neotraditionalism—into existence. Whereas 15 years ago conventional thinkers ridiculed the goal of placing houses close together along streets designed for neighborly activity, companies as large and shrewd as Disney now are constructing towns possessing some of the traits he espouses, most notably in Celebration, Florida.

Suburban Nation, written by Duany, his wife and partner Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, and their firm's director of town planning, Jeff Speck, ably explains the ideas that have set a new direction for American community development. The book comprehensively lays out the flaws of the past 50 years of single-use subdivisions and circuitous street networks, and offers a coherent set of remedies, all in pithy sentences the average citizen can understand.

Can you find essential shops, a pleasant park, and friendly gathering places within walking distance of home? Are the streets enjoyable to drive? Are the sidewalks interesting to walk? Are there opportunities for people at a variety of income levels and in differing stages of life to inhabit the same turf? These are some of the criteria by which Duany's firm (DPZ) and the New Urbanist movement evaluate the quality of a place.

Until the 1940s, Americans built neighborhoods that met most of those standards. Then, the authors argue, "Whiz Kid" managers returned from service in World War II "with a whole new approach to accomplishing large-scale tasks, centered on the twin acts of classifying and counting."

"In the case of cities, they took a complex human tradition of settlement, said 'Out with the old,' and replaced it with a rational model that could be easily understood through systems analysis and flow charts." Town planning declined from "a humanistic discipline based upon history, aesthetics, and culture" into "a technical profession based upon numbers." Eventually this destroyed the reputation of developers, who today are often viewed as villains, as their single-purpose developments—housing separated from offices separated from retailing—bring a torrent of traffic but few readily perceived public benefits, such as a lively town center that can be enjoyed by everyone.

Of course, developers must follow existing planning and zoning statutes. "As long as zoning codes favor low-density development over the creation of compact communities," the authors argue, "developers will not be able to shake their reputations as land rapists, as they turn farm after farm into cookie-cutter sprawl."

The leaders of DPZ don't have one simple remedy for all that ails cities and suburbs. What distinguishes their writing as well as their planning is an appreciation of the many subtle touches that contribute to a good community. The key is to stop forming isolated subdivisions and instead form neighborhoods with extensively connected streets (not cul-de-sacs) and with parks, basic shopping and services, and attractive public places within walking distance.

The folks at DPZ don't dislike government if it's close to the scene. "A lack of management has proven to be the enemy of diversity" in many shopping districts, they observe. "When left alone, retailers tend to repeat easy successes and entire sectors become homogeneous."

Many local public services are best supplied through homeowners' associations or other grassroots organizations, the authors contend. "The faceless bureaucracy of a large city tends to become accessible and responsive if it is broken down into neighborhood-scale increments."

No one will agree with everything in *Suburban Nation*. Nonetheless, it is the gold standard of New Urbanist guides. In addition to a well-organized text, it contains an abundance of illustrations. A number of them are unfortunately printed too small to be easily legible, but nearly every illustration adjoins the text it refers to—a typically thoughtful design detail. In tone, the book is irreverent yet earnest, dissatisfied yet optimistic. The

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amusing sardonic hopefulness is nicely represented by a quotation from Winston Churchill: "The American people can be counted on to do the right thing, after they have exhausted all the alternatives."

Contributing writer Philip Langdon is author of A Better Place to Live: Reshaping the American Suburb.

SALVATION FROM ABOVE?

By Martin Morse Wooster

The Paradox of American Democracy: Elites, Special Interests, and the Betrayal of Public Trust
By John B. Judis
Pantheon, 261 pages, $26

Any short list of today's best liberal writers would include *New Republic* senior editor John B. Judis. He has several strengths other leftists lack. He is rightly skeptical of the race-and-gender crowd, preferring the older liberalism grounded in a genuine desire to improve the lives of the poor. He has a deep interest in political history and understands that many of the debates of our times arise from issues that our parents and grandparents fought over just as vigorously. And unlike many leftists who produce clotted, jargon-laden prose, Judis's books are clear, readable narratives.

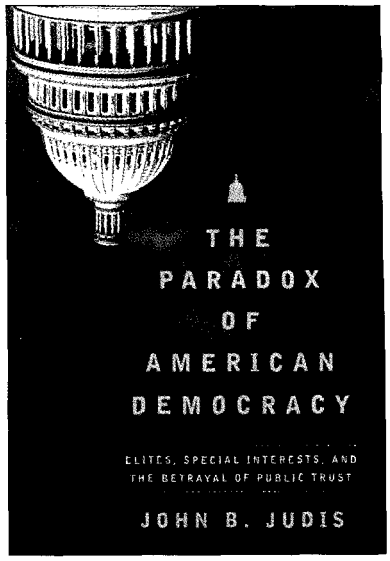
After writing a very good biography of William F. Buckley and an uneven but interesting look at the men who shaped twentieth-century American foreign policy, Judis has now produced a social history of Washington lobbyists. While I disagree with nearly every conclusion Judis reaches, I nonetheless found *The Paradox of American Democracy* an interesting book that provides useful insights into what the Left is thinking these days.

Judis's heroes aren't 1960s radicals, '50s eggheads, or '30s brain-trusters. His liberalism is even more archaic; he seeks to revive the turn-of-the century Progressive movement—the era of muckrakers, Theodore Roosevelt, and the *New Republic*'s first editor, Herbert Croly. At the core of Judis's political philosophy is the notion that if disinterested bipartisan elites, detached from special interests, were free to achieve consensus on the important issues of the day, then America would become a more just society. Such leaders of the American Establishment as Henry Cabot Lodge, John McCloy, Dean Acheson, and Henry Stimson, Judis writes, "placed public service above private gain and sought as public servants to represent the interests of the nation rather than those of a particular class, region, or industry."

These establishmentarians, Judis argues, reigned supreme until the 1960s, when both the Left and Right became radicalized. The Left, he believes, rejected "compromise and conciliation" in favor of a more radical agenda. Business leaders, influenced by future Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell and *Public Interest* co-editor Irving Kristol, countered by creating think tanks (such as the Heritage Foundation and a substantially expanded American Enterprise Institute) and pouring millions into pro-capitalist lobbies. All these right-wing groups, Judis charges, sung variations on a single theme, that "government rather than business was responsible for America's ills—from inflation and high energy prices to the slowdown in growth and the rise in unemployment."

But Judis's analysis of the 1970s is incomplete. He has very little to say about the rise of liberal lobbies in the 1960s, such as Ralph Nader's organizations and environmental "public-interest" law firms. As Jeffrey Berry persuasively shows in *The New Liberalism,* published by Brookings last year, the Right's rise in the 1970s was a reaction to the Left's rise in the 1960s. The growth of conservative organizations in that decade probably wouldn't have happened if the Ford Foundation (led by mandarin McGeorge Bundy) hadn't first used its wealth to create lots of left-wing litigators.

Moreover, Judis fails to discuss how establishment organizations are suffering because of trends in the academy. Many of the older foundations—Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie—now primarily fund projects by tenured academics who long ago lost the desire to write articles and books that people without Ph.D.s would want to read. These academics



are mostly liberals, but with a few exceptions (such as Princeton's Sean Wilentz or Rutgers' Jackson Lears) most professors prefer the cloistered world of the academy to the raucous national debate over ideas. So establishment institutions that primarily choose to support professors have seen their influence dramatically decline. If no one cares about the Russell Sage Foundation anymore, it's not because people find their moderately liberal books about social policy objectionable, but because Russell Sage books are eminently respectable—and very, very dull.

Because academics—and the foundations which subsidize them—decline to debate public policy issues, their role has largely been taken over by think tanks. Far too many of these groups, including some of the biggest ones, are stuffed with "policy analysts" producing studies as fascinating as last week's newspapers. But today's top think tanks are producing a lot of substantial, heavily researched books and articles. It's far better to have a vigorous debate between think-tankers than to have our domestic and foreign policy handed down to us by a few unelected mandarins.

Liberals need more interesting and relevant writers putting out lively yet serious and persuasive books and magazines. That would do more to advance their agenda than revival of some elite establishment.

Martin Morse Wooster is a TAE *associate editor.*

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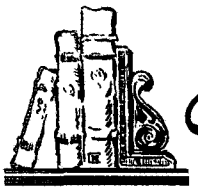

Off The Shelf

A REGULAR REVIEW OF CLASSIC, OVERLOOKED, NEWLY RELEVANT, OR OTHERWISE DESERVING OLDER BOOKS.

LOST CAUSE FOUND

By John McClaughry

Who Owns America? A New Declaration of Independence
Edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate
1936; re-issued by ISI Books, 1999

Who Owns America? pushed its way into the Depression years with all the impact, not of a cannon ball, but of a cotton boll. That is an apt metaphor, for this volume is largely a sequel to *I'll Take My Stand*, the manifesto championing the culture of the Old South penned by 12 Southern Agrarians in 1930. Indeed, seven of the 12 contributed chapters in 1936 to *Who Owns America?*

When *I'll Take My Stand* was written, much of the nation outside the South was in an economic boom. By 1933 the whole nation was deep into a shattering depression. Agrarian Allen Tate saw the opportunity for a new volume that spoke not just to those weeping over the lost Golden Age of the Old South, but to troubled Americans of all regions.

So into the clash of Marxist vs. capitalist bravely strode the distributists. With the Marxists, they agreed on the evils of big-business imperialism, the instability flowing from large-scale industrialism, the tyranny of the large corporation over the small businessman, and the danger of government becoming a plutocracy protecting the rich.

But unlike the Marxists, the distributists rejected socialism, trade-union militancy, internationalism, central planning, and dictatorship of the proletariat. Instead they championed government intervention judged on these criteria: Will it diminish economic oligarchy and expand the distribution of private-property ownership—and thus political and social power—among the people?

As Edward S. Shapiro writes in his introduction to the re-issue of *Who Owns America?*, "the decentralists sought to reverse the trend toward large-scale industrialization, mass merchandising, and farm dispossesion which, they argued, were transforming a population of property-owning small manufacturers, merchants, and farmers into servile white-collar employees, proletarians, and farm tenants. Without the widespread distribution of property there could be no real economic or political freedom, only a form of serfdom, a condition to which America was rapidly approaching." Tate labelled this a "conservative revolution."

But memory, principles, indignation, and eloquence are no substitute for a practical program, and here the heirs of Jefferson's decentralized, agrarian yeoman republic were often at a loss. Reading their essays two-thirds of a century later, one feels the sense of impossibility. David Cushman Coyle, opposing big corporation market power, advocates a governmental breakup of large production units into appropriate fragments, and size-based taxation of business. John Crowe Ransom would require federal corporate charters for large businesses and expand shareholders' liability to twice the value of their investments. Donald Davidson views political regionalization as the only means of insulating the regions against plutocratic control from Washington. Frank Owsley offers a modernized Homestead Act to resettle the unemployed on small farms, and James M. Waller offers a national import-export monopoly to balance the flow of goods and capital among economic sectors.

"But Can It Be Done?" is editor Agar's contribution. He believes it can, if only the people come to understand that a state of genuine property and genuine competition is the only viable alternative to a state planned by communists or by robber barons. Ah yes, if only.

The final contribution is by Anglo-French distributist Hilaire Belloc. He closes the volume on a desperate note. Men who comprehend the nature of the struggle, he writes, must realize that the task "has become exceedingly difficult of achievement, [and] that the difficulty is increasing." They are likely to become "sufferers who will probably fail."

In the tempestuous clash of ideologies of the '30s, the "third way" of *Who Owns America?* commanded little attention. No movement sprang from its prescriptions; no political leader arose to press its demands; no thinker was called to the White House to argue the decentralist case. Was it, then, a lost cause?

What none of the contributors envisioned was the astonishing expansion of asset ownership over the last half of the twentieth century. Millions of Americans became home owners. The dramatic expansion of pension accounts, IRAs, 401(k)s, profit sharing, and Employee Stock Ownership Plans has given millions an ownership stake in—if not control of—large economic enterprises. Tax-favored medical and education savings accounts and individual Social Security accounts have arrived or are about to do so.

Advances in technology and communications have spawned a population dispersal that would have gladdened the hearts of the agrarians, even though the globalized, fiber-optic-connected new arcadians bear little resemblance to the Jeffersonian yeomen of felicitous memory.

As often happens, a profound insight can fall on deaf ears but emerge triumphant decades later. The distributist insight—that human beings will flourish in a system of distributed property, decentralized power, individual liberty, and community responsibility—yet lives. A trip through *Who Owns America?* offers an intriguing glimpse into an earlier exposition of that theme, redolent of the pleasant scent of magnolia.

John McClaughry, a senior policy advisor in the Reagan White House, runs the Ethan Allen Institute at Kirby Mountain, Vermont.

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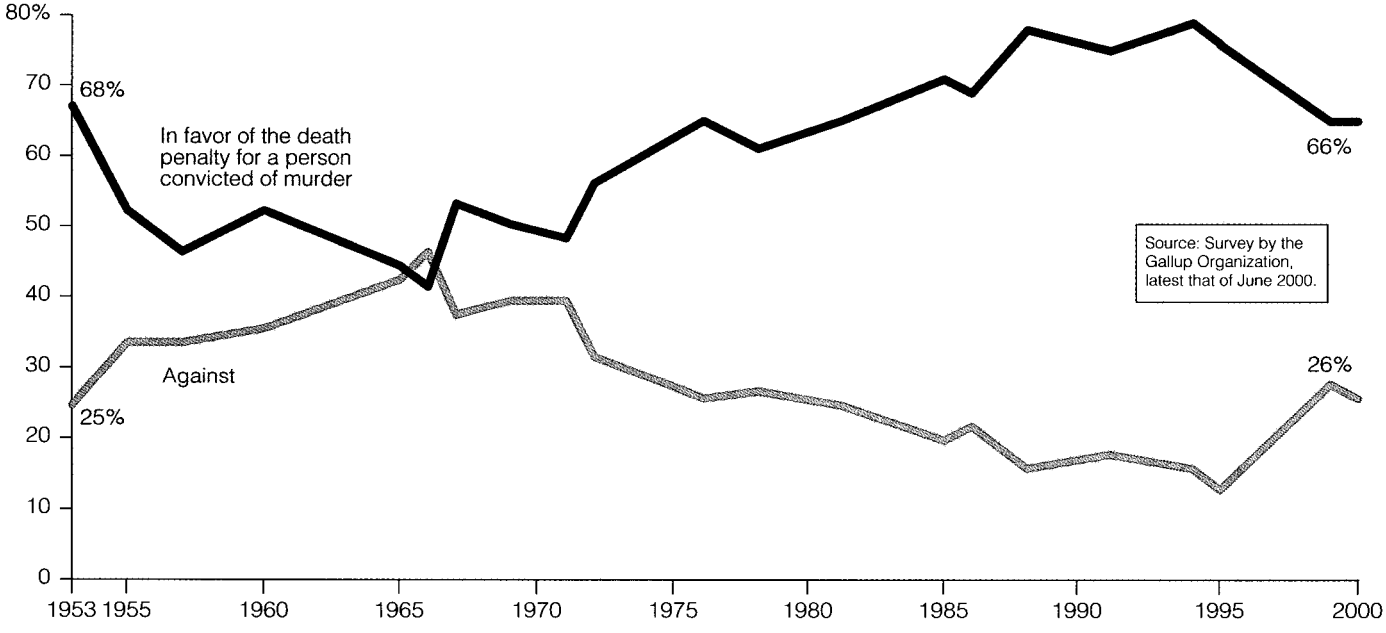
Opinion Pulse

EDITED BY KARLYN BOWMAN

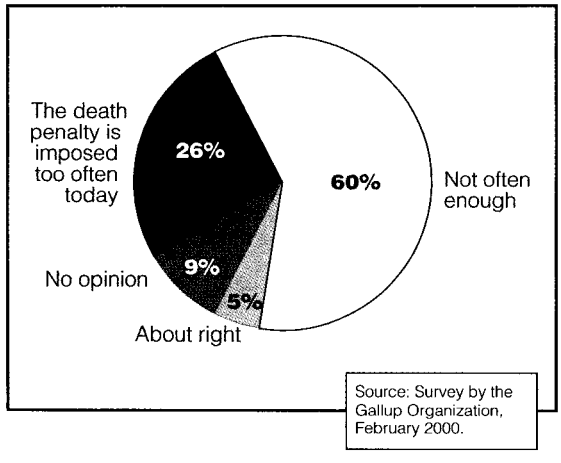
THE DEATH PENALTY

Support for the death penalty for a person convicted of murder has dropped from its all time high (80 percent in 1994), but it is still strong. About a quarter of the population believe the death penalty is applied too often, but 60 percent say it is not applied often enough. Eight percent believe many innocent people are wrongly executed, a third say only some are, 41 percent say very few, and 11 percent think none are. A quarter say they are less likely to support the death penalty given new evidence about its application, but 58 percent say their opinion hasn't been affected.

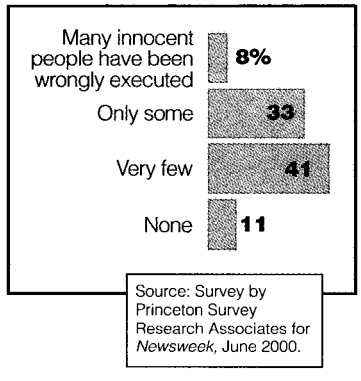
Question: Are you...?



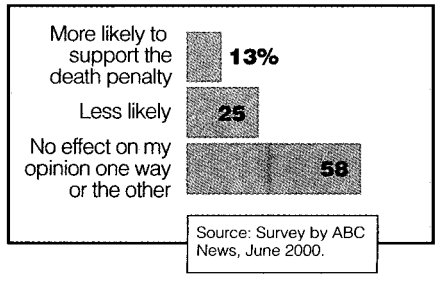
Question: In your opinion...?



Question: Since the death penalty was reinstated in the 1970s, do you think...?



Question: As you may have heard, a recent study found that over two-thirds of death penalty sentences that are appealed are later overturned by higher courts because of flaws in the way cases were investigated or tried. Does this finding make you...?



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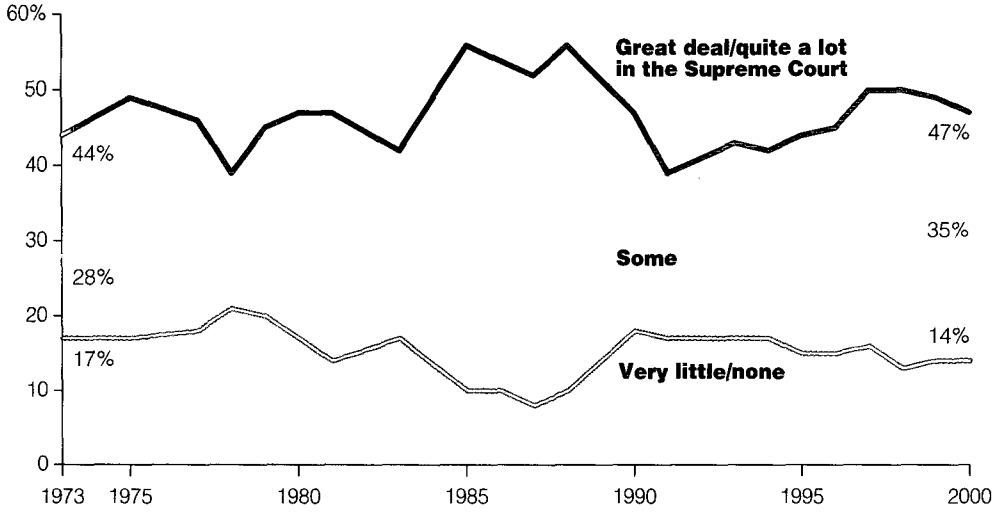
THE SUPREME COURT

Confidence in the Supreme Court is up slightly from a quarter-century ago. Only about 15 percent of Americans say they have very little or no confidence in the body. Most don't see the Court as liberal or conservative. Majorities agree with the Court's recent decisions not to hear the Elian Gonzalez case and to uphold a state law requiring anti-abortion activists to stay at least eight feet away from women at medical facilities. A near majority disagree with the partial birth abortion decision and with the decision on prayer before high school football games.

Question: Now I am going to read you a list of institutions in American society. Please tell me how much confidence you, yourself, have in...?

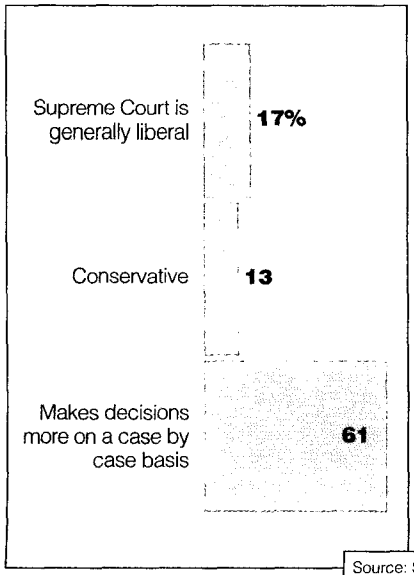


Top Ten Confidence-Inspiring Institutions in 2000

The military	64%
The church/ organized religion	56
The police	54
The Supreme Court	47
Banks	46
The presidency	42
Medical system	40
Public schools	37
Newspapers	37
TV news	36

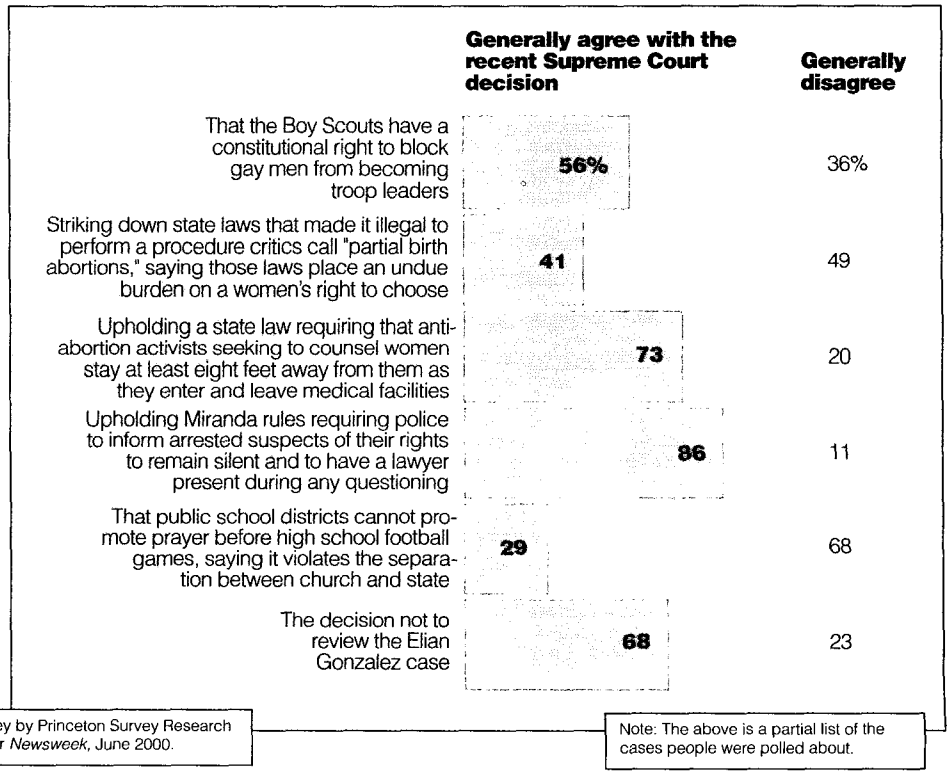
Note: Gallup ranked 15 institutions. The ranking here is determined by those having a "great deal" or "some" confidence in the institutions. Source: Surveys by the Gallup Organization, latest that of June 2000.

Question: Judging by its recent decisions, do you think...?



Source: Survey by Princeton Survey Research Associates for *Newsweek*, June 2000.

Question: As I read you a list of some recent decisions by the Supreme Court, please tell me if you...?



Note: The above is a partial list of the cases people were polled about.

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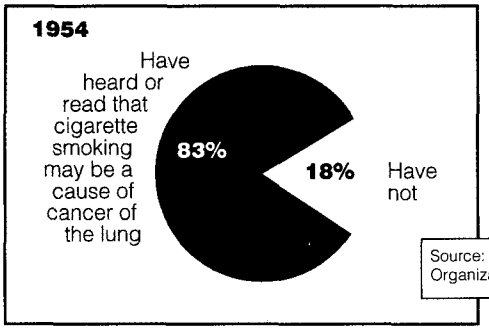
SMOKING AND TOBACCO LITIGATION

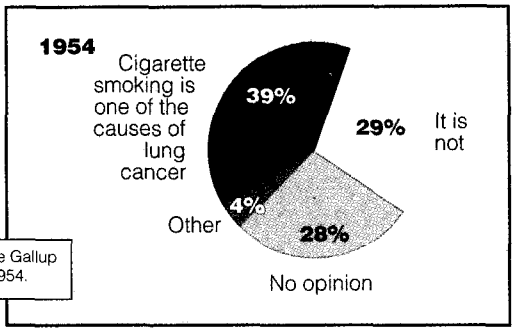
Nearly a half-century ago, in 1954, more than 80 percent of respondents told Gallup they had heard or read that smoking could be a cause of lung cancer, and 39 percent thought the link had been established. Increased health consciousness has contributed to a steady reduction in the number of people who smoke. Today, around a quarter of the population say they have smoked in the past week. Perhaps because of widespread awareness of the risks associated with smoking, Americans place more blame on smokers for their health problems than on tobacco companies.

Question: Have you heard or read...?

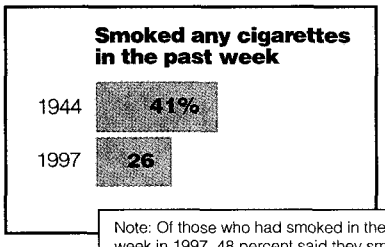


Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization, June 1954.

Question: What is your own opinion—do you think...?

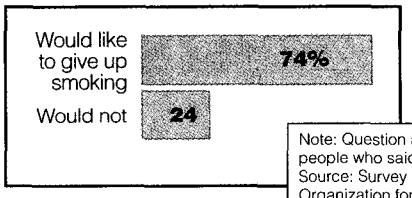


Question: Have you, yourself...?

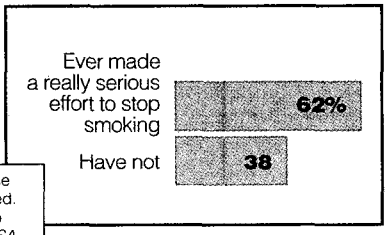


Note: Of those who had smoked in the past week in 1997, 48 percent said they smoked less than one pack, 32 percent a pack, and 19 percent more than one pack.
Source: Surveys by the Gallup Organization, latest that of June 1997.

Question: All things considered...?

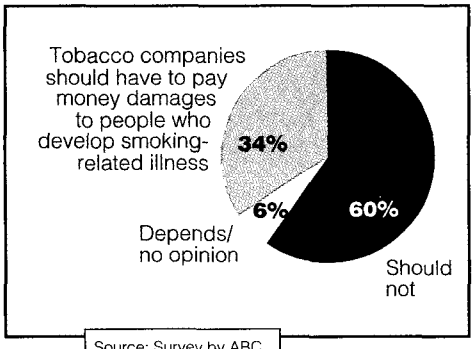


Question: Have you...?



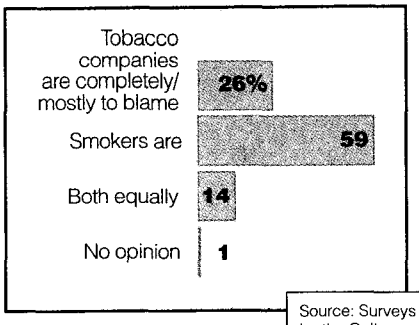
Note: Question asked of those people who said they smoked.
Source: Survey by the Gallup Organization for CNN and *USA Today*, June 1997.

Question: In your opinion...?

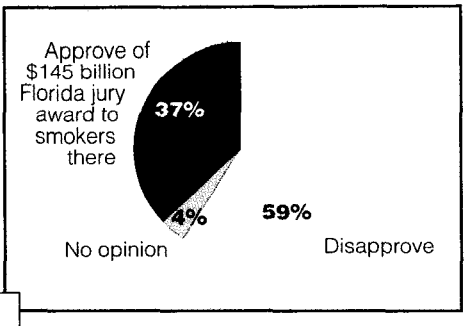


Source: Survey by ABC News, October 1999.

Question: Which of the following statements best describes your view of who's to blame for the health problems faced by smokers in this country...?



Question: As you may know, a Florida jury [July 14, 2000] ordered tobacco companies to pay $145 billion in damages to Florida smokers who have been made sick by smoking. Do you...?



Source: Surveys by the Gallup Organization for CNN and *USA Today*, July 14–16, 2000.

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the Mail

Regarding the June BIRD'S EYE, "Let Boys Be Boys": I have a son with a learning disability who has been in special education all of his 8 years in school. The feminist-influenced cultural establishment would not feel the way they do if they were raising a boy with the problems I encounter daily. My son is in eighth grade yet reads on a fourth-grade level. The Philadelphia school system has continued to promote him, and I am sure he will graduate from high school unable to read. On the other hand, my daughter who is in high school has had no real problems and has been successful in school.

Something must be done now. We often wonder where the system has failed our African-American males. It has failed at the elementary school level.

Deborah Robinson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I subscribe to a variety of political magazines, ranging from the far left to the far right, and I find things to agree and disagree with in all of them.

But *The American Enterprise* is particularly interesting. I thoroughly agreed with June's BIRD'S EYE, and am an admirer of two of the issue's writers: Christina Hoff Sommers ("The War on Boys") and Ward Connerly ("Laying Down the Burden of Race"). I thought these comments might interest you, as they come from a confirmed (well, bar-mitzvahed) atheist.

Marshall E. Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts

The June BIRD'S EYE was so on target that I wanted to cry at the destruction of a whole generation of males by feminist ideology.

I identified with the remark by headmaster Richard Hawley that males bond in fidelity, strength, and courage that they don't even suspect they have ("questing, striving, weathering personal hardships"). This was so true of the men I served with as chaplain of the 101st Airborne in Vietnam. There we had to bond or we would die. We were truly a band of brothers with no color or ethnic distinctions—each man owing his life to the other man down the line. That was a turning point in my own life where race/education/ethnicity became insignificant and all that mattered was loyalty to each other no matter what the price. That builds men—not the nonsense indoctrinated in our made-for-girls schools which is force-fed to boys.

But the nonsense does breed rebellion, and so "the most dangerous males in America are presently those raised in our inner-city matriarchies." Unfortunaltely, this is not just true of our urban boys. With one-third of all children being born to unwed mothers and with countless other boys growing up in single-mother homes, males are beginning to explode in rage against women. The wildings in New York were not isolated incidents. Young men without fathers to teach them sexual restraint and respect for women grow up to see women as whores, playthings, and just plain objects.

Freud said civilization can only begin when sex is restrained. As sexual abandon becomes the norm, we are seeing the collapse of American civilization. Indeed, it is Rome all over again.

Peter J. Riga
Houston, Texas

I have to correct John Meroney on a slight error in his piece on writer-director John Milius (HOLLYWOOD REPORT, July/August). The Texas Rangers were not created "to restore order and justice to the Texas frontier after the Civil War." They actually date all the way back to the 1820s, years before the Texas Republic itself. Back then, they were fighting Indians and banditos along the coast of Texas.

The actual term "Ranger" seems to have cropped up in the 1830s and was certainly in official use during the Texas War for Independence in 1836.

The post-Civil War role of the Rangers changed from frontier fighting to more standard law enforcement as the years went by. The Indians were effectively neutralized by the late 1870s, and the border with Mexico had been stabilized, preventing large-scale bandito incursions (Pancho Villa being the notable exception).

Brett Moss
Arlington, Virginia

I agree wholeheartedly with Robert Sterling's article "What Are America's Best Business Schools?" (July/August). As CEO of a firm representing fellow military academy graduates in corporate America, I experience firsthand the need for proven leadership and core values, especially in today's demanding job market. As companies (including the freewheeling dot.coms) grow, they need structure to preserve teamwork and to ensure mission accomplishment. Articles like Mr. Sterling's will alert more corporate recruiters to what Academy graduates have to offer.

Bill Gaul
San Diego, California

The American Enterprise welcomes your comments. Send to "The Mail," The American Enterprise, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Or fax to (202) 862-5867. Or e-mail TheAmericanEnterprise@compuserve.com. Please include your address and phone number. Published letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Last Gasp

"Our romance is over and I need to get on with my life. Will you marry me?"

Zoltan successfully defends his world welterweight leafblower title.

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I have a rich, exhilarating inner life. What I don't have is an outer life.

"Before I got this, I was only able to hold up people in my apartment building."

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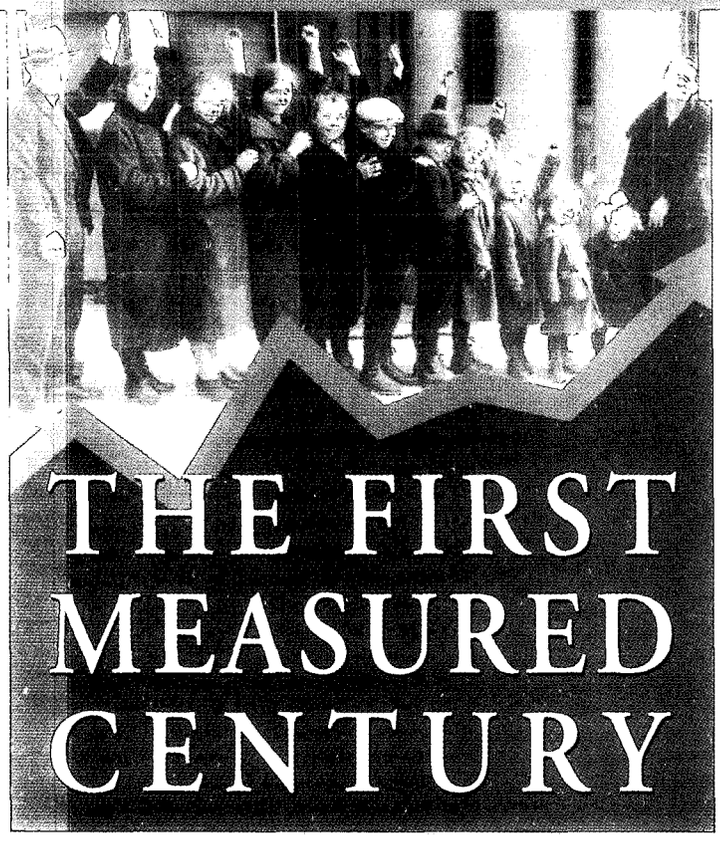
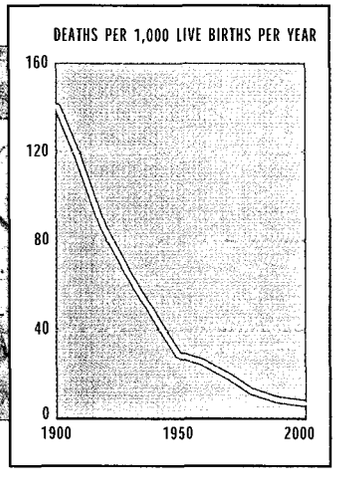
from the Producers of Ben Wattenberg's Think TANK



THE FIRST MEASURED CENTURY



Coming to PBS
Wednesday, December 20th
8:30-11:30 PM ET

As Americans reflect on the end of the twentieth century, we ask, "What happened?" The answers are called "history." Americans have learned about yesteryear mostly through anecdotes: Titanic, Lindbergh, Challenger, Teddy and Franklin Roosevelt, world wars, the Roaring Twenties, hula-hoops, Elvis, Hiroshima, Vietnam, Watergate, the civil rights and feminist movements, the Beatles, Reagan, O.J. and Monica.

But there is another way of answering "What Happened?" – through the lens of data and measurement, which shows us how the lives of everyday Americans have changed. (The plural of anecdote is data.)

"The First Measured Century" tells the story of America by the numbers, through the eyes of those who did the measuring and interpreting. These include George Gallup, Alfred Kinsey, Robert and Helen Lynd (authors of "Middletown,"), Frederick Jackson Turner, James Q. Wilson, Francis Fukuyama, William Julius Wilson, and many others.

We look at social indicators before the time of Gross National Product and public opinion polls. We see the United States going from half the size of the four biggest European nations to twice the size of all of them combined. We see a nation of 50 million, taking in 25 million immigrants.

We see the population of cities soar, and then fade, as America becomes the first majority suburban nation. We see a nation with less mobility today than in 1900, the sharp rise and slow fall of violent crime rates, and increasing wealth, with a big argument about how it is shared.

"The First Measured Century" is a fast-paced narrative with unique graphics. It's history as you've never seen it, measured. And dramatic.

Think TANK with Ben Wattenberg

the PBS program on ideas
www.pbs.org/thinktank

PBS

Support for these projects is provided by the Smith Richardson Foundation, the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation, the John M. Olin Foundation, the D&D Foundation, the Bernard & Irene Schwartz Foundation, PBS, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

"The approach you propose is so creative and so perfectly suited to both the on-camera and off-camera work that you do that we see it as the perfect capstone to our end-of-the-century efforts....We expect The First Measured Century to challenge assumptions, unearth startling casual relationships, and maybe even predict the future."

Sandra Heberer
Director, News and Information Programming, PBS

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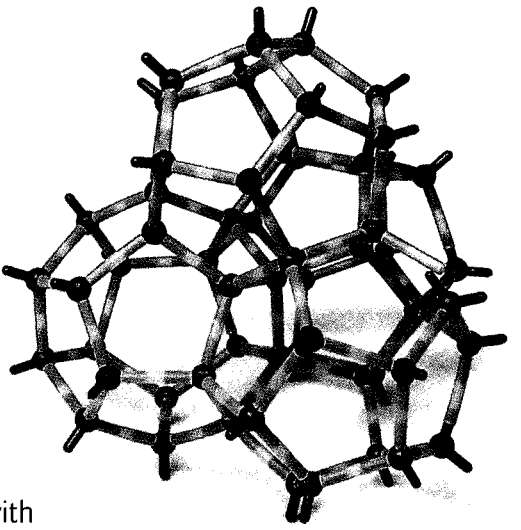
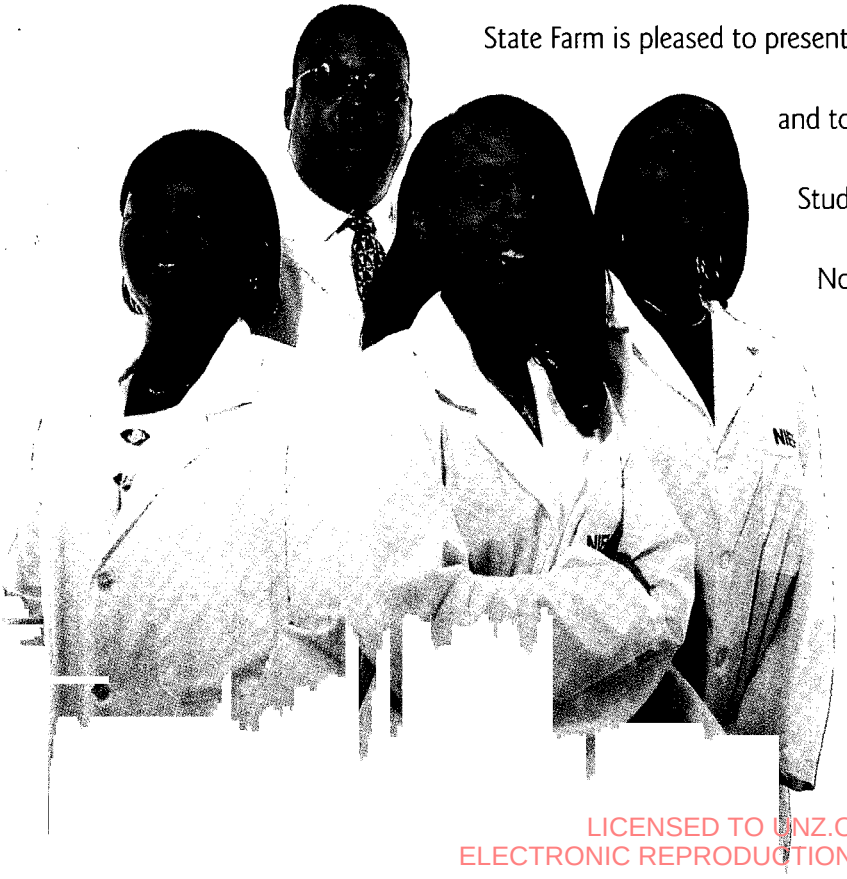
His students have already written their acceptance speeches for the biggest prize in science.



Never let it be said that Kenneth Cutler sets easy goals for his STARS (Students Training As Research Scientists). To acquaint them with the real world of scientific exploration, his students formulate in-depth research papers and even submit grant proposals to fund their projects. Then, to experience just how far scientific research can take them, students present a formal speech thanking the King of Sweden for awarding them the most prestigious prize in science.

This combination of problem-solving, creative writing, and public speaking stimulates both left-brain and right-brain thinking. It also demonstrates the benefits of a scientific career to students who might not normally consider it. For showing his students science can be rewarding, stimulating, and even "cool,"



State Farm is pleased to present Kenneth Cutler with our Good Neighbor Award® and to present $5,000 to the Hillside High chapter of NC Student Academy of Science, in Durham, North Carolina. Now it's his turn to prepare an acceptance speech.

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The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with The National Science Teachers Association.

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